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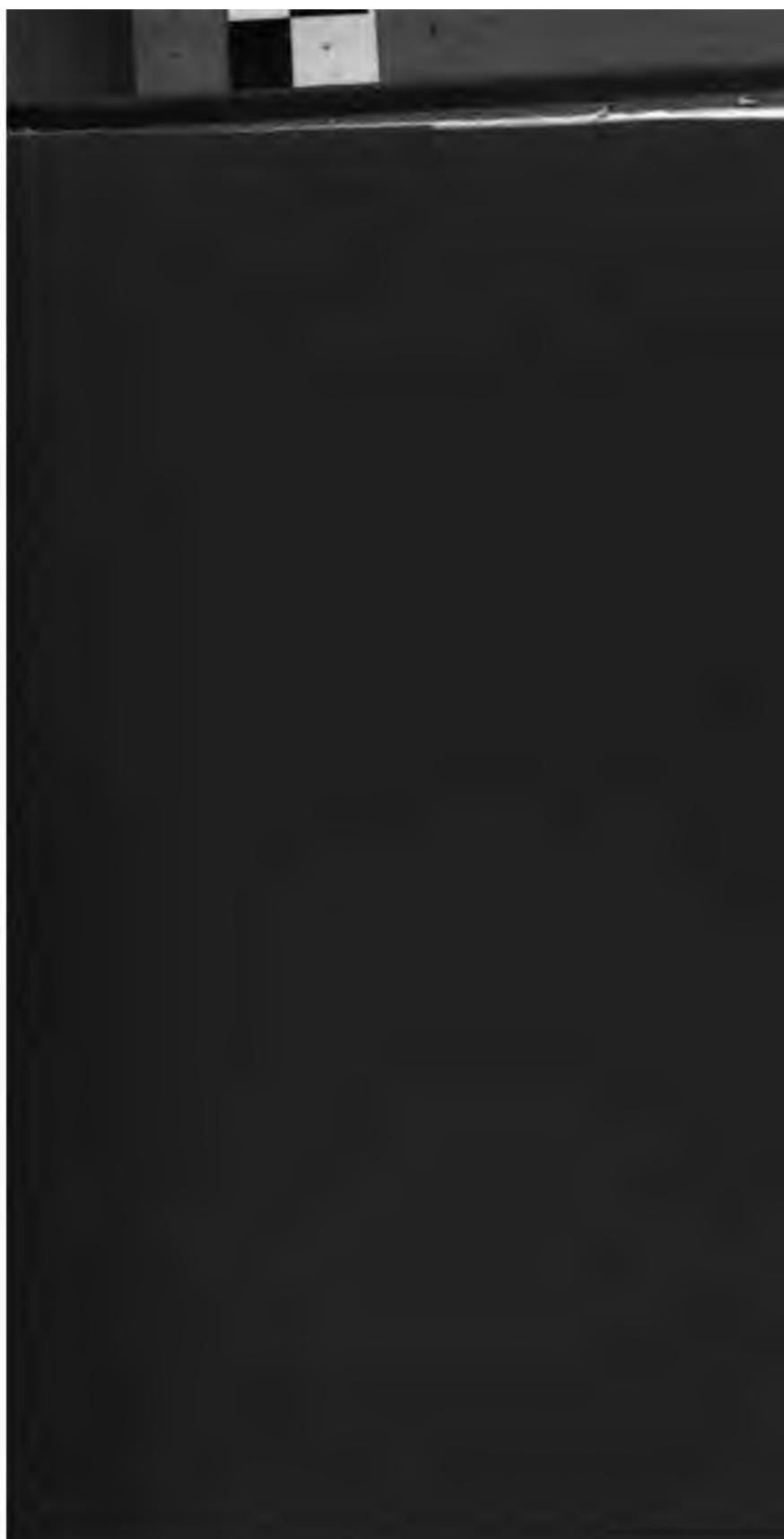
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HOMER AND ENGLISH METRE.





HOMER AND ENGLISH METRE.

AN ESSAY ON THE TRANSLATING
OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY,
WITH A LITERAL RENDERING IN THE SPENSERIAN
STANZA OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE
ODYSSEY, AND SPECIMENS
OF THE ILIAD.

BY WILLIAM G. T. BARTER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "A LITERAL TRANSLATION IN
SPENSERIAN STANZA OF THE
ILIAD OF HOMER."



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LIST OF GREEK NAMES DIFFERING FROM
THE LATIN.

Aïdôneus	. . .	Pluto.	Helios	. . .	The Sun, but not Apollo.(See p. 37.)
Aphrodîtê	. . .	Venus.	Herè	. . .	Juno.
Arès	. . .	Mars.	Hermes	. . .	Mercury.
Argeiphontes	. . .	Hermes, or	Ilium	. . .	Troy.
Argicide	. . .	Mercury.	Kronos	. . .	Saturn.
Artemis	. . .	Diana.	Kronion	. . .	The son of Kro- nos or Saturn,
Athènê	. . .	{ Minerva.	Krònides	. . .	Saturnius Jupi- ter.
Athènia	. . .		Lèto	. . .	Latona.
Achæans	. . .	Men of Achaia;	Okeanos	. . .	The river Ocean,
Archives	. . .	collective name for the Grecian Host.	Ocean	. . .	Father of the Gods, & Source of all Things.
Argives	. . .	Men of Argos ; collective name for the Grecian Host.	Olympius	. . .	He of Olympus, Jupiter.
Alexander	. . .	Paris.	Odysseus	. . .	Ulysses.
Asclepios	. . .	Æsculapius.	Pallas Athènê	. . .	Minerva.
Cypris	. . .	She of Cyprus, Venus.	Persephoneia	. . .	Proserpine.
Dionysos	. . .	Bacchus.	Poseidon	. . .	Neptune.
Demêter	. . .	Ceres.	Poseidaon	. . .	
Enýalus	. . .	{ Ares, or Mars.	Panachæans	. . .	A collective name for the Achæans.
Enyalius	. . .		Pheræ	. . .	Centaurs, ac- cording to some.
Enyo	. . .	Bellona.	Tritogenia	. . .	Tritonia Min- erva.
Eôs	. . .	Aurora.	Zeus	. . .	Jupiter.
Erinnyses	. . .	The Furies.	Infernal Zeus	. . .	The Zeus of the lower regions, Pluto.
Eris	. . .	Strife.			
Glaucòpis	. . .	The Blue-eyed or clear-vision- ed. Epithet of Athenè.			
Hades	. . .	Pluto.			



ERRATA.

Page 12, line 12 from the bottom, *for* Virgil, Homer, and Juvenal,
read Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal.

„ 13 „ 12 from the bottom, *for* ἀρτῆρα *read* ἀρητῆρα.

„ 30 „ 14 from the top, *for* Εηλήμονες *read* ζηλήμονες.

„ 31 „ 15 „ *dele* full-stop after οὐδει.

„ 36 „ 4 from the bottom, *place* comma after "Fardarter."

„ 61 „ 5 from the top, *for* emyloyed *read* employed.

„ 102 stanza 21, line 8, *dele* s in "warriors."





HOMER AND ENGLISH METRE.

ON HOMERIC TRANSLATION.

HOMER has been much and ably talked of, and written about of late;—studies on Homer, a shower of translations, and lectures and pamphlets on the best method of translating. The topic, truly, is a worthy one, and the more it is discussed the better; the writer, accordingly, claims a word or two upon it also. He rests his claim on familiarity with the subject, and on having translated the entire Iliad and Odyssey, almost literally, into English verse in the Spenserian stanza. The Iliad, with preface and notes, was published by Messrs. Longman in 1854. The work, however, escaped the attention of Mr. Worsley, for in the preface to his recent spirited and graceful version of the first twelve books of the Odyssey in that stanza, he writes in ignorance of its having been previously employed in a published translation of the poet. Under these circumstances, the present writer may be allowed the innocent $\chi\alpha\nu\chi\eta\sigma\iota\varsigma$ of asserting here that his was the first English metrical version of Homer

that aimed at being literal ; the first that preserved the Greek names, and in the order of the original ; and the first in the Spenserian stanza.

The writer's translation of the *Odyssey*, a similar literal version in the same stanza, but still in manuscript, was completed on the 10th of December, 1859. The first book of this version is given here in the Appendix, preceded by extracts from the *Iliad*, for the purpose of easy reference in what he may have to say in the body of this treatise. The reader is requested to note that the Roman numerals designate the number of the stanza, and the other figures the lines of the original to which it corresponds.

For similar convenience of reference, and to abridge expression of topics he has already handled, the Preface to the author's *Iliad* is reprinted at the end of the present essay ; to which he will at once proceed.

But, in doing so, he cannot suppress a fear that, of the wide field to which it belongs, he may have to cover more ground than the bare title of the present work would indicate. He will, however, restrict himself as far as possible. What he has to say will fall under three heads. First, on the Homeric poems themselves ; secondly, on the proper metre for English translation of them ; thirdly, the advantages of literal metrical version.

I.—AS TO THE POEMS THEMSELVES.

Among the privileges of being an Englishman, and knowing Greek, is free access to the native utterances

of the two greatest poets the world has produced,—Homeric and Shakespeare; two representative minds, the types, in some measure, of ancient and modern times, and, certainly, of their respective nations. And that foremost people of antiquity had much in common with ourselves. Of all the literatures of modern Europe the English strikes the writer as most resembling the Greek in spirit, and the Latin least. That individuality, which was crushed out of the Latin world, had been vivid in Greece* while she was herself; and that happy mixture of it with the social civic spirit, so conspicuous in the Greeks, marks also the English, and with the same jealousy of undue centralisation. The language of freedom in a land of freedom, Greek literature is pre-eminently congenial to the English mind. The Latin, in its palmiest state, had ceased to be the language of the free; and this has told upon its literature, be it said in full appreciation of its exquisite treasures. The Greek politics were nearer to ours than the Latin, and the orations of Demosthenes would strike a surer chord in English breasts than the finest of Cicero's. In this comparison the Spartans are, of course, not included, who left no mark on literature, and in whom

* I am quite aware that their individuality, after the Homeric times, was less than that which the feudal institutions have stamped upon us English; and it were curious to conjecture what would have been the fate of Greece had they not been cut up into so many states; had the *basileus* not so early died out among them, or had their hatred of the *tyrannus* been less intense, and their efforts directed to controlling and regulating his power, instead of its extinction.

their peculiar institutions produced a rigidity very alien to the elastic spirit which characterized the Greeks in general, and culminated in the Athenians.

And as with the nations so with their types, for Homer and Shakespeare, with apparent points of difference, have more in common. Both are pre-eminently national, and both surpassing all others in knowledge of human nature, and the faculty of representing it. The dramatic power is identical in both. Shall I say it? the men are the same with difference of time, language, and manners. A Pythagorean of these days might well believe that he of Scio had reappeared on the banks of the Avon. Through all antiquity and modern times no two might better have exchanged parts. Homer in England, under Elizabeth and James, had stirred our English hearts with those marvellous plays, and Shakespeare in Greece, and among those heroes old, had poured out the wondrous epos of the hero's wrath, and the patient wise one's wanderings; had touched off Helen and Nausicaa with the same delicate pencil, and rendered Achilles the justice which he has denied him in the Troilus and Cressida. I speak strongly of their identity from long familiarity with both, and from a central point within me, which is touched by both. For it seems to me, that, to ignore the identity in two authors separated by time, manners, and subject, to distinguish between Homer and Shakespeare, by ascribing the wild and turbid to the latter, and fail to discern the same serene intellect in both, because it is working on different materials with different aim, would be in the

highest degree unphilosophic, and like denying the identity of fire because it softens iron and hardens clay.

All, indeed, cannot read these wonderful poems in the original; but all may with profit and pleasure do so in translation. And, although the best translation will be inadequate to represent their lustre, the poorest will be profitable to read, provided only it be honest, and aim at presenting the original as it is, without shrinking from the strange, or endeavouring to twist and turn it to modern notions, in the spirit of certain churchwardens in times past, who white-washed old oak carvings that seemed to them dingy and queer.

The Iliad and Odyssey stand out distinct from all other poems of antiquity, with a special claim upon our attention. For, unlike the *Aeneid* of Virgil, for instance, which is at best but an expression of the poetic mind of its author, and tells us nothing of the world around him, these, besides being marvellous as poems, far transcending all others of ancient times, are living pictures of the human life and manners of the period and people to which the poems belong. The nearest approach to this characteristic with us we have in the Prologue to the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer, which, to the extent of it, throws up so vivid a picture of English life in his day. Indeed, the father of English poetry is quite of the Homeric stamp, genuine and shrewd, and self-possessed, direct and picturesque, graphic and simple, and of a keen ear for the tuneful in our tongue, as his having, at that early period of it, matured and bequeathed us the beautiful five-accent or

ten-syllable heroic line abundantly proves. Certain coarseness in many parts, but very separable from the rest, and due to the rudeness of the age he lived in, are drawbacks to indiscriminate reading of him at this day. But it seems to me that every English student of the classics, who cares for them in their poetic aspect, will do well to be familiar with him, and in his own utterance, and not as interpreted by Dryden, a worthy poet, truly, but who has not dealt worthily by Chaucer. One other great and original poet the student should be equally at home with, Burns, whose kindred spirit has well earned him the title of the Shakespeare of Scotland. By marking the method of working of all these poets, Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Burns, and accounting to himself for the points of difference and resemblance, he will have made more progress in entering into the spirit, not only of the modern poets, but of the ancient, than from volumes of excellent commentary. The writer speaks from some experience of both methods. But, lest he be suspected of meditating another *Tale of a Tub*, he will quit this digression, and, as he hopes, digress no more.

The life-picturing quality, which we have mentioned as marking Homer, is of the essence of what, in my Preface to the *Iliad*, I have called the Real Epic, to designate that which is contemporaneous with the manners it depicts, and to distinguish it from the Artificial Epic, where the manners are remote from the age of the poet. The real epic is as historic and contemporary as a ballad, and the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were so far ballad-

like, that they were in the *early* metre of the country, and were intelligible to the meanest of the people, as an oration would be by a popular speaker at a meeting of his fellow-townsmen about their common concerns. And, being what the common people were expected to understand, the poem itself is so far a fair measure of what the people knew; which cannot be said of any epic of the artificial class, ancient or modern. But it is of the people's intelligence, be it noted, that the poems would be a measure, and not necessarily a limit of the poet's; for, whatever his knowledge, however profound his philosophy, he could only utter what they would readily receive as the winged words were issuing from his lips. The open-air character, both of poem and audience, would preclude the utterance of his profounder solitary musings, however these may have coloured, and flavoured, and enriched the stream of either epos.

But, although these poems form a very graphic picture, we should err in supposing them the entire picture of Greek life and habits at the period. In the Iliad we have the Greek army in campaign, and in the Odyssey the maritime adventures of one of its chieftains. And the Greek customs, habits, religion, and thought, come out directly or indirectly in both. But our inferences must be with caution. We must guard against the vulgar mistake that, because the Iliad, like Napier's History of the Peninsular War, is much about battles, therefore the Greeks loved war. Nor from the Odyssey must we infer that Odysseus or his companions loved the sea. On the contrary, no brave people ever

less liked war for its own sake than those very heroes and their followers before Troy ; and in the Iliad war is repeatedly named with epithets of opprobrium and aversion, that strikingly contrast with what we have in writers of the middle ages,—jovial old Froissart, for example. And for the sea, it was the Greeks' aversion, and never taken to lovingly, as with the sea-kings of Scandinavia. This aversion, however, I believe was utterly unmixed with fear. It was not the danger, but the restraint and personal inconvenience of a sea-life that grounded their dislike. It interfered with their habits of bathing and anointing, and practice of athletic exercises. The adventures of Odysseus and the voyages of Sinbad differ in the latter being voluntary. Odysseus would have avoided going to Troy if he could, and returned from it straight to Ithaca if he might.

However, not to run this head too far, suffice it that no poems ever better deserved all the pains a translator can bestow on them, than the Iliad and Odyssey ; and none in which it more behoves him to be on his guard against foreign influences, his own learning even, lest he import the ideas of a later Greek literature into these, which are broadly divided from it in many respects. Otherwise he may fall into anachronisms at variance with the poems, as representing the thought of the period. Homer is his own best interpreter ; ancient Greek scholiasts, even, being often wide of the mark.

But, after all that the most pains-taking translator may have done, there is one thing, indispensable to the appreciation of any ancient poem, that the reader must

bring with him, and that is, an openness to receive things, and a capacity of looking at them from the ancients' point of view instead of his own. For to judge of an author's book it seems but trivial to say that you must know his aim. That aim, in an ancient poet, is to please his contemporaries. Any faithful translation, therefore, would present much that would be strange and new to readers of other countries, and later times. And, on the other hand, to avoid this in translation, and nervously shrink from what seems strange to a modern reader, and exclude what the ancient would call for, but a modern repudiate, is, perhaps, the surest recipe for eliminating all that is characteristic in the original, and producing a very indifferent modern poem in its stead. Assuming, therefore, that the reader repudiates any such perversion of a translator's office, I proceed to the next head.

II.—ON THE PROPER METRE FOR ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

On this my opinion frankly is that in English metrical translation, from whatever language, the metre should be English, and the translator do as the original author had done, consult the requirements of the tongue in which he is writing; so that Spenserian stanza should not be exacted in Greek version of the Faëry Queen, for example, nor hexameter in English Iliad or Odyssey. I am aware, however, of a growing opinion to the contrary, and of a certain gene-

ral expectation among scholars that, when the proper man to do it comes, the Iliad and Odyssey shall appear in the full lustre of their original metre. When the thing is done it will prove itself, *solvitur ambulando*, it is said. And when it comes to that I shall hail it with pleasure, and none the less for its being an unexpected one. It is difficult to think at all without a certain tenacity of what comes of it; but I flatter myself with not holding by my opinion so firmly as not gladly to let go of it for a better. In the meantime the following are among the grounds of my not being sanguine as to the advent of the coming pedestrian, who is to walk into popular English acceptance at hexameter pace.

The philosophy of Shakespeare's lines—"A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," yields a principle which, if applied to poetry, would have saved much spasm in versifying by prescribing the limits within which new experiments are possible. For the prosperity of all attempts in verse must ultimately rest with the ear to which it is addressed; and the requirements of this are according to the language.

A verse or line consists of words arranged in a certain rhythm, usually different from prose, but in which the words separately are pronounced exactly as in prose. Poetic licence, indeed, sparingly deviates by marking words out of their accent, when driven by stress of metre, but the licence is grudgingly yielded in long works, and is absolutely inadmissible in short ones, and, with the progress of poetry, almost disappears from the works of the best poets. From the above description

it follows that words are fragments of the poetic melodies of a language, and that, whatever the language, no verse is possible in it but that of which the words be fragments.

With this we see clearly how, in Greek and Latin, they should early have taken to hexameter, as the words, for the most part, are fragments of hexameter; being either whole feet, or parts of feet, that easily range and cluster into that verse without requiring the words to be separately pronounced otherwise than in prose, yielding spondees as well as dactyls in abundance. In English, on the other hand, even if you discharge quantity and content you with accent, we are helplessly deficient in spondees, without which the hexameter is as tasteless a metre as can well be imagined, and perfectly impotent to express the flexible and varied melodies that the ancients have drawn from it, with a free command of both kinds of feet of which it is composed.

In the line or verse the poet is limited by the exigencies of his tongue; he cannot vanquish prosody and please as a poet. But in grouping the lines, whether he will rhyme or not, or rhyme with consecutive or alternate lines, in strophe or stanza, or what not, here opens a large field for his rhythmic powers; and he may employ them to any extent, from the simple ballad to the most orchestral ode. And here he may import, perhaps, from foreign lands if he will.

But to require of a poet to alter the single line, and turn it from the melodies of his own tongue, and forego its flexibility and native prosody, and try a measure

utterly alien to it and them, is planting him in purgatory, which is no road to the promised paradise. For the only possible object of translating an ancient poet, say Homer, in hexameter verse, is to do with it what he did with it, to write, not hexameter merely, but such hexameter, and in such tone, as Homer wrote it in the same parts. But to give a lilting line all galloping off, like colts in a field, in a string of dactyls, where the original moved in stately measure, with rich admixture of spondees, would hardly be doing what Homer did with it, and certainly not worth crucifying our own rhythmic tongue for.

Do the advocates of this measure in English reflect that of the ancient poets who wrote in it, the hexameter of each was characteristic of him; that the hexameter, for instance, of Hesiod in the Works and Days was quite another thing from the hexameter of Homer in either Iliad or Odyssey; and that, though Virgil, Homer, and Juvenal all wrote hexameters, the hexameters of the *Ars Poetica* or Epistle to the Pisos, are very different from those of the *Aeneid* or *Georgics*; that the Satires of Horace and Juvenal in this point differ to a degree that it would be ludicrous to exchange them; and that it would have been a serious mistake to have rendered the varied, but majestic and earnest and full-toned metre of Homer by the inimitably graceful, but lighter, measure of the Satires and Epistles of the friend of Mæcenas?

Any one familiar with these authors in the original will feel the force of this, and, at the same time, the utter

hopelessness of getting any English hexameter to come nearer the matter than that of Horace in Latin, which is altogether alien to it.

Nothing would more surprise me than a translation in English hexameter which should represent the rhythmic aims of the original in the first seven lines of the opening of the Iliad, with the exquisite dirge-like effect of the spondees in the fourth and fifth lines. If we cannot give them in English hexameter, what is it good for as a special representing of the original? If any think he can, let him try; and, while his hand is in, extend it to the eleventh line, where the cause of inflicting the pestilence is emphasized by five consecutive spondees following the initial dactyl of the verse; an effect which is heightened by the three long syllables with which the next line commences, and which, with the pause, completes a most expressive metrical emphasis of the outrage and its author.

Οὐνεκα τὸν Χρύσον ἡτίμονος ἀρτῆρα
·Ατρεΐδης.

And again, how render the spondaic line that gives such force to the priest's pleading, where he closes with urging the power of Apollo? A run of dactyls brings you rapidly to the fearful name, which takes two spondees in the utterance; and the word expressing the reverence is emphasized by having its first and last syllable long, and being placed in marked relation to the object of it by their occupying the extremities of the line; the former beginning, the latter ending it.

·Αξόμενοι Διὸς νιὸν ἐκηβόλον ·Απολλώνα.

... waves in a rippling sea?

The conclusion is that if you meter where Homer gives quite *allegro* for an *andante* movement so,) you gain nothing in proximity that which is called, indeed, by alien in tone. It were far better natural English verse, which, not of the original, any more than a the canvas, will better render the verse in which we English writers which leaves us the whole range the purpose, instead of thrusting us of it.

Concluding, therefore, for an English sort, I shall not, however, detain the discussion of what sort, but refer him to the Iliad, where I have taken leave to give the values of the hexameter and the shall content.

twelve or fourteen. But as for the grouping of these ten-syllable lines, I see no objection to blank verse, if the poet can manage the cadences, which, to my feeling, are rather exacting and difficult out of original composition, where the free thought dictates its own pace and removes all difficulty. Nor can I see any objection to rhyme, whether in the couplet, which need not clench with every two lines, as Pope has brilliantly wrought with it, in his Epistles, and Rape of the Lock, and Art of Criticism, but may open out in the full sweep and cadence of Dryden; or in alternate rhymes, in almost any combination the poet-translator may choose, so that he feel the metre to be in the tone in which he would have written that very matter were it his own. But the preference over them all, in the absence of special qualification in the particular translator, I still continue to give to the Spenserian as a vehicle of translation, and especially for close and literal version of Homer. Some, indeed, have objected to it as cutting Homer in lengths, and stopping the flow of the narrative. How stanzas of nine lines can sensibly obstruct the flow of a narrative where the sentences consist often of one line, sometimes two lines, and seldom exceed three, I leave to the ingenious to determine. Others, again, have thought that, even in original composition, the difficulty of the stanza tempts the poet to introduce matter alien to his thoughts, in order to eke it out, and therefore increases the tendency to write one line for sense, and one for rhyme. This seems plausible, but there is nothing in it. He is little likely to be terse in other

more as facts except figures, the refuse the following in both kinds. The original of the Odyssey, which is given at 444 lines, and which, I suppose, will be admitted in the original of 444 lines 459; while that of Pope reaches 482, and Chapman's, 682. The Specimen, therefore, does not suffice the other metres. Nor is this a first book. On the contrary, of the whole version consists of 12,053 lines, more than the original, which has 12,000, reaches 14,148; Cowper's first edition reaches 14,148; Chapman's the amazing total of 16,000.

With this formidable array of numbers, let us now consider the third and concluding portion of the poem.

III.—THE ADVANTAGES OF LONG VERSION

ment here, and illustrate, partly from my own versions, and partly from others, and of the latter, Cowper's, chiefly from his reputed closeness. Etiquette of authorship would, of course, preclude my drawing on contemporary translators.

And, in illustrating from Cowper, I would be distinctly understood as not for a moment characterizing his translation ; but merely, in each instance, taking it as authoritatively showing the effect in that place of the neglect or observance of the principle I may be enforcing.

But, in disclaiming all intention of criticising my predecessors, I must be allowed to record here my respect for a true poet, whose simplicity and love of nature, at a period when those qualities were not in the ascendant, would have seemed to point him out as the proper translator of Homer. And, if he has failed to come up to the expectations that his own poems would raise, it may be partly attributed, I think, to one cause —a relic of the superstition he had broken through in his own writing, viz. that epic poetry should be starched, stately, and grandiose ; which happens to be true enough of Virgil, who is too prone to utter the simplest thing with a grandiloquence that is the very reverse of the ease and simplicity of Homer. This notion of the grand style put Cowper upon trammelling his blank verse to a degree that rendered it a harder medium for close translation than the rhyme, which he repudiated on that very ground. The least satisfactory portions of Cowper's excellent version appear to me

to be the level parts which in Homer are natural, but in which his translator seemed to think he wanted bracing up. The use of "beam" for a spear, "enforcing his long beam," for "thrusting his spear," *Odyss.* xxii. 295, is among the frequent instances.

With this tribute to a great predecessor I will proceed, and in putting in a plea for literal metrical translation, which Cowper's is very far from being, I would not be understood as feeling distaste for that which is not so. Every mode of rendering a foreign poem by one whose spirit is in harmony with his original will have worthy result. And my view of the matter amounts to this, that of such a poet as Homer there should be, besides other translations, a literal metrical one in the language.

Literal metrical version, both from its difficulty, and its little scope for original power, will never be very popular with translators. Neither is it desirable or practicable with all poems. It is a sort of engraving which will give invaluable results from high originals, although it be compelled to renounce colour. Such poetry, then, whose characteristic is colour, with little else, in other words, whose beauty is untranslatable, as lyric poetry, for the most part, will lose incalculably in the process. It is accordingly fittest for poetry that hath body and bone in it; best adapted, therefore, for rendering the very early poets, whose objectivity in picturing people and manners gives the translation its value, and, at the same time, takes from its difficulty. For literal version of such, as compared with what lacks

that objectivity, is like drawing from the original or from a copy of it. Such is the posture of a translator of Homer or Virgil. Homer is nature, Virgil but a copy of him ; and literal translation of the latter, from his vagueness, gives no field of choice whatever beyond the expression before you. In Homer the thing is brought out definitely, and with sharp precision, and you can picture it bodily with little or no fear of misapprehension, however you may doubt your own ability of limning from the life.

The difference between Homer and Virgil in this particular is partly in the poet, but more in the age in which he lived. Objectivity may be, and is, the quality, to some degree, of every great poet in a modern and artificial state of society, as of Dante, for example, and Shakespeare ; but in the early and primitive states it is an indispensable quality of all poets who get any hearing at all of their countrymen. We find it more or less in all early ballads. Virgil, be it observed, for those who are not conversant in these matters, was a modern poet, not merely in point of chronology, but as regards the state of society in which he lived. For all practical purposes he was as far removed, in manners, thought, faith in their mythology, artificial civilisation, and so forth, from the times of Homer as we are ourselves. For it is not chronology but the state of society that determines this. Literal version, in my point of view, would be as inappropriate to the rendering of a Latin poet of Virgil's day as to a German or French of our own.

It is of productions of the early states of society that literal translation is so telling. How it tells in such case no reader of our noble literal version of the Scripture need be reminded. Its value consists, among other advantages, especially in this, that it makes the translator stronger than himself. I mean that it enables him to give a faithful rendering, which shall be thoroughly understood in its full significance by another, though it appear dark to himself. I will give an instance from our own version, and from the fine old German of Luther, in which our translators are literal, and beat the great Reformer by rigorously sticking to what they felt to be the letter, while he produces what he thought the spirit of the passage. It occurs twice in Exodus, and once in Deuteronomy, xiv. 21, where, in our Bible, it is rendered, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." But Luther, expressing what he thought to be the significancy of these words, translates it as referring to the cooking a kid, not in its mother's milk, but while the mother is suckling it. "Du sollst das Böcklein nicht kochen, weil es noch seine Mutter sauget." In a sensible note on the passage in the Nuremberg folio Bible, ed. 1731, the literal rendering of the Hebrew is preferred, the annotator considering that it pointed at the heathen superstition of boiling a kid in its mother's milk, and sprinkling their fields with it to make them fertile. Be that as it may, the English version lets in the gloss, which the German excludes, and the value of it is the same whether the English translators knew of the custom or not.

The possibility of a literal translation conveying to a differently circumstanced reader a clearer notion of the passage than the translator himself had, from want of some piece of knowledge in possession of the former, comes out curiously in that passage in the Canticle:—“Thy neck is like the tower of David, builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men.” (Solomon’s Song, iv. 4.) The simile, to say the least, is not of apparent aptness; strange to us, strange to our translators, strange to Luther, who differs from them in rendering the disputed **לְחַלְפִיּוֹת**, (which may, perhaps, be found to designate “many projections,” or “suspension-hooks,”) *mit brust-wehr*, with a parapet. Light, however, is cast on the passage by extending to this also Mr. Layard’s illustration of a passage in Ezekiel, at p. 388 of his Nineveh, vol. ii. ed. 1849:—“The castles of the maritime people, whose conquest is recorded by the Konyunjik bas-reliefs, are distinguished by the shields hung round the walls.” This peculiarity appears to illustrate a passage in Ezekiel concerning Tyre:—“The men of Arvad with thine army were upon thy walls round about, and the Gammadims were in thy towers: they hanged their shields upon thy walls round about.” (Ezekiel xxvii. 11.)

Mr. Layard, indeed, states there is no other allusion to the custom in Scripture, but it seems to me that it admirably illustrates the passage before us; for the shields hanging outside the parapet would suggest a necklace of shield-shaped beads or pieces round the neck, and so the simile be apt and complete.

With similar feeling of the value of literal translation, I prefer to Luther's our Prayer-book version of the Psalm cxix. 131:—"I opened my mouth and *drew in my breath*: for my delight was in thy commandments." Luther renders the words in italics by "begehre," "desire;" recording the emotion instead of describing it by its physical effect on the organs of breathing, as in the original, which by its expression lets in the notion of surprise, astonishment, mingling with the desire, and so harmonizes with a preceding verse:—"Thy testimonies are wonderful."

Literal rendering may be very servile in the opinion of some, but, well weighed, it will be found to be a fruitful service. For, if we consider it, there are few relations more intimate than that of a man and his thought, where he really thinks, for it is so far the outcome of his very life and being up to that time. He so thinks because he is thus or thus, is so constituted, and so trained by himself and others. And as his thought, so his utterance. His speech bewrayeth him. And what is true of the individual, in this view, is emphatically so of a people. Its life, its history, is in its tongue; their minds dwell therein, as their bodies inhabit the land in which they live. A literal version, therefore, that holds closely by the very expression of an ancient production will present it best. So only that the syntax of the tongue it is turned to be not violated, it matters not how strange the matter conveyed. Indeed, as of an ancient people and their poetry we like to know, as to the manners and thought, both the points

of resemblance and the points of difference in relation to our own, it is hard to conceive how it can become a translator's duty to sacrifice either. I am quite sure too anxious a desire of conforming to our own modes of thought and expression would have deprived us of much exquisite narrative of the first order, even in a literary point of view, in the very Scriptures. I know not, with our tendency to abridged expression of that which in ancient narrative is given pictorially and at full, and on the principle of approximation to English ideas, and the removal of all that could strike the reader as strange, what will be thought, in the account of Jacob and Esau, of substituting, "They met and embraced with every demonstration of respect on Jacob's part, and of affection on Esau's, and emotion in both," for, "He bowed himself to the ground seven times, until he came near to his brother. And Esau ran to meet him, and embraced him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him: and they wept." (Gen. xxxiii. 3, 4.)

The literal is here clearly the one that preserves the spirit which has evaporated in the other. But such things are not done, the reader will say. With the Scriptures certainly not; reverence hitherto has deterred the boldest in that quarter. But trenchant abridgment of Homer in our language there has been; for instance, in the strange, but, in many parts, vigorous version of Hobbes. Abridgment, however, is not the usual form of departure in translation.

Translation may be of three sorts. The first is very free, in which you go upon the compensation principle,

giving what you suppose as good as the original, with tacit hope of its being better, rather than rendering what you find there; giving what you suppose your author might have said with equal advantage, rather than hampering yourself with what he did say; and with a poor author, and a strong translator, I do not know but this may be the better mode, nay, the best, next to letting the author alone altogether.

The second method gives the thought of the original; but takes a latitude in its expression: what in the original was concrete, the translator, if it answer his purpose, feels at liberty to render in the abstract, and *vice versa*.

The third method aims at giving both the thought and the manner of its expression. All three methods have their advocates, and may be, in some measure, illustrated by the following versions of the same passage in the Greek; being Homeric expression of man's nature, and his behaviour according as things go well with him or the reverse.

Οὐδὲν ἀκιδνότερον γαῖα τρέφει ἀνθρώποιο,
 Πάντων δόσσα τε γαῖαν ἐπὶ πνείει τε καὶ ἔργει.
 Οὐ μὲν γάρ ποτε φυσὶ κακὸν πείσεσθαι δύσσω,
 "Οφρ' ἀρετὴν παρέχωσι θεοὶ καὶ γούνατ' ὄφρη."
 'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ καὶ λυγρὰ θεοὶ μάκαρες τελέσωσι,
 Καὶ τὰ φέρει ἀεκαζόμενος τετληότι θυμῷ.
 Τοῖος γὰρ νόος ἐστὶν ἐπιχθονίων ἀνθρώπων
 Οίον ἐπ' ἡμαρ ἄγησι πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε.
 Καὶ γὰρ ἐγώ ποτ' ἔμελλον ἐν ἀνδράσιν ὅλβιος εἶναι,
 Πολλὰ δ' ἀτάσθαλ' ἔρεξα βίη καὶ κάρτει εἴκων,
 Πατρί τ' ἐμῷ πίσυνος καὶ ἐμοῖσι κασιγνήτοισιν.

Τῷ μὴ τίς ποτε πάμπαν ἀνὴρ ἀθεμίστιος εἴη,
Ἄλλ' ὁ γε σιγῇ δῶρα θεῶν ἔχοι, ὅτι δίδοιεν.

Odyss. Σ. 130-142.

“ Of all things breathing, or that creep on earth,
Nought is more wretched than a human birth.
Blessed men think never they can cursed be,
While any power lasts to move a knee.
But when the blessed Gods make them feel that smart,
That fled their faith so, as they had no heart
They bear their sufferings, and, *what well they might*
Have clearly shunned, they then meet in despite.
The mind of man flies still out of his way,
Unless God guide and prompt it every day.
I thought me once a blessed man with men,
And fashioned me to all so counted then,
Did all injustice like them, what for lust,
Or any pleasure, never so unjust
I could by power or violence obtain,
And gave them both in all their powers the rein,
Bold of my fathers and my brothers still;
While which held good my arts seemed never ill.
And thus is none held simply good or bad,
But as his will is either missed or had.
All goods God's gifts man calls, howe'er he gets them,
And so takes all, what price soe'er God sets them,
Says nought how ill they come, nor will control
That ravine in him, though it cost his soul.”

CHAPMAN'S *Odyssey*, xviii. 188-211.

“ Of all that breathes, or groveling creeps on earth,
Most vain is man! calamitous by birth;
To-day with power elate, in strength he blooms;
The haughty creature on that power presumes:
Anon from heaven a sad reverse he feels;
Untaught to bear, 'gainst *heaven the wretch rebels*.

For man is changeful, as his bliss or woe ;
 Too high when prosp'rous, when distrest too low.
 There was a day, when with the scornful great
 I swelled in pomp and arrogance of state ;
 Proud of the power that to high birth belongs ;
 And used that power to justify my wrongs.
 Then let not man be proud : but firm of mind,
 Bear the best humbly, and the worst resigned ;
 Be dumb when heaven afflicts !”

POPE's *Odyssey*, xviii. 166-171.

“ Earth nourishes, of all that breathe or creep,
 No creature weak as man ; for while the Gods
 Grant him prosperity and health, no fear
 Hath he, or thought, that he shall ever mourn ;
 But when the Gods with evils unforeseen
 Smite him, he bears them with a grudging mind ;
 For such as the complexion of his lot
 By the appointment of the Sire of all,
 Such is the colour of the mind of man.
 I, too, have been familiar in my day
 With wealth and ease, but I was then self-willed,
 And many wronged, emboldened by the thought
 Of my own father's and my brethren's power.
 Let no man, therefore, be unjust, but each
 Use modestly what gifts soe'er of heaven.”

COWPER's *Odyssey*, xviii. 159-173.

“ No feebler thing than man the earth doth feed
 Of all whate'er on earth do breathe, or crawling yede.

xv. 132-140.

For he ne'er thinks to suffer after-ill
 While gods grant weal, and nimbly stir his knees.
 But when with woes blest gods his measure fill,
 He grudging bears, with suff'ring spirit, these.

For mind of earthly men is as it please
The Sire of men, and of the gods divine,
To shape their lot. I once 'mong men had ease,
And many mad things did, by brute incline
Of strength and force, and on my sire relied and brethren
mine.

xvi. 141.-

Let none be lawless then, but silent hold
What gifts gods give."

BAETER's *Odyssey*, MS., book xviii. stanzas 14-16.

In regard to those who rather dip in books than read them, and may chance to open here, it may be proper, before commenting on the above, to repeat that I am only illustrating a principle, and not for a moment comparing the translations from which the passages are taken. The loosest translation will be sometimes close, the closest may be sometimes loose; but a passage of any translation may illustrate a principle, although the general character of the version be not that of the particular passage. With this prefatory caution, I will proceed to say a word or two on all four renderings of the Greek.

On Chapman's be it noted that, besides much else, the words in italics, "what well they might have clearly shunned," are not in the original, and could not have been, as they contradict the Homeric notions on man's control over the incidents of life, and his ability to avoid what the gods ordain him. The philosophy of the passage in Homeric sense points at the folly of thoughtless enjoyment of health and prosperity without looking to a reverse; not in the least suggesting escape from it

by foresight, but blaming childish impatience under what, in the alternation of good and evil in this life, might have been expected, and should be borne accordingly. It is the philosophy of Job—"Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?"—the philosophy of Job, mark you, but not the piety, and resignation to divine will. And, therefore, the rendering of Pope, for we will now speak of him, errs as a translation, because it gives a Christian expression of the Greek Pagan's prudential sentiment; for "'gainst heaven the wretch rebels" is the language of one who believes in this life as a state of probation, and in God's providence as ordering what happens to us for our discipline and from his love for us. Of the "uses of adversity" in this sense Homer had no notion. Of this life as a state of probation, of moral preparation for another, there is no hint in Iliad or Odyssey, nor could there have been with the dreary views of a future state disclosed in it,—a state in which the exceptionally wicked are tortured, but in which the virtuous are not happy.

Homer, in his anthropomorphism, substantially conceived of the gods as superior men, superior mainly in power, knowledge, happiness, if you will, and longevity; of which the last only was without limit. Omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience, you could not predicate even of Zeus, as the calling up of Briareus to help him quell a conspiracy of the gods, and again, the deceit successfully practised on him by Hera in Mount Ida, sufficiently prove.

Nor in morals do they show themselves superior to their worshippers, whose manners they seemed to reflect, and in their passions and caprices they were the same. By overstrained ingenuity, indeed, it is possible to extract something in the two poems, from stray expressions, that may remotely savour of a better theology, as chemistry discovers sugar in wood ; but after all a log is not sugar-cane, and timber will go but a small way in grocery. And on any ground it is better to limit these indications to the places in which they occur in the text, and not improvise them where they do not. Homer's utterance, in the passage before us, is a purely prudential reflection on the uncertainty of fortune, and the folly of peevish impatience under what is without remedy ; but no hint is intended of the irreverence of such impatience as regarded the gods. Of them he rather conceived as not caring in what mood those they afflicted bore it. The mirth of Olympus might, indeed, be moved by ridiculous writhing of the sufferers ; but the wrath of the gods was reserved for the prosperity that touched their jealousy. The prosperous man it was who needed be careful how he drew their attention by praising his own lot too highly, or allowing it to be so praised in his presence without contradiction, or he might presently expect a reverse. With this sentiment Menelaus, in the Fourth Odyssey, hastens to deprecate the praise of his palace by Telemachus, and is anxious to show that his lot has been far from enviable.

This will forcibly recall to the classic reader Solon's similar sentiment in Herodotus, i. 32, where, to the

remonstrance of Crœsus for not congratulating the monarch on his felicity, the philosopher answers:—"O Crœsus, thou askest touching human affairs of me who know the power divine to be jealous and disturbing." Τὸ θεῖον πᾶν ἐὸν φθονερόν τε καὶ ταραχώδες. And to me it is a matter of marvel that writers, both ancient and modern, should have been at the pains of fixing Herodotus with this unpalatable sentiment, as if he had foisted it on Solon, and as if it did not quite accord with the old mythology of the Greeks. Certainly it is not at variance with the tenor of Iliad and Odyssey, and clearly-found emphatic expression in Calypso's speech to Hermes:—

Σχέτλοι εἴστε, θεοί Κηλήμονες ἔξοχον ἄλλων.

Odyss. E. 118.

"Hard are ye, gods, above all envious ye."

BARTER'S *Odyssey*, MS., book v. stanza 14.

On Cowper's version of the lines we are considering, I have only to observe that he puts abstractedly "health" for the concrete "nimblely stir his knees" of the original, and "mourn" for "suffer civil afterwards," that the "unforeseen" of the fifth line of the extract is not in the Greek, and seems virtually included before.

Of my own version I have only to note that, with Cowper, I refer the disputed *ἀρετὴν* to the prosperity of the individual, and the rest to his personal health and activity, the "health and wealth" of our Prayer-book; but "wealth" having abated somewhat of its older meaning, I preferred taking the kindred word, which

has retained it. The *λυγρὰ τελέσωσι* I take to be a completing, filling up his woes, *i.e.* the measure of them, and alludes to the notion of man's measure of good and evil in this life; and that if he have the good in long course, the ill, be sure, is at hand; for his measure must be complete. This sentiment is illustrated in the story of the Ring of Polycrates, and caused the Egyptian king to break off relations with one whose ill he judged to be near from his previous uninterrupted good fortune. (Herod. III. 43.)

The passage in the *Odyssey* is in the tone of that remarkable one of the *Iliad* :—

“Ως γάρ ἐπεκλώσαντο θεοὶ δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι,
Ζώειν ἀχνυμένους· αὐτῷ δέ τ’ ἀκηδέες εἰσί.
Δοιὶ γάρ τέ πίθοι κατακείχται ἐν Διὸς οὐδεὶ.
Δώραν, οἷς δίδωσι, κακῶν, ἔτερος δὲ, ἑάων.
“Ωι μὲν καρμίξας δῷν Ζεὺς τερπικέραυνος,
“Αλλοτε μέν τε κακῷ ὅγε κύρεται, αὖλλοτε δὲ ἐσθλῷ.
“Ωι δέ κε τῶν λυγρῶν δῷν, λαβητὸν ἔθηκε.
Καὶ ἐκακὴ βούβρωστις ἐπὶ χθόνα δίσαν ἐλαύνει.
Φοιτᾶ δὲ οὔτε θεοῖσι τετιμένος, οὔτε βροτοῖσιν.

Ilias, Ω. 525-533.

Of which the English reader will please to accept the following line for line literal rendering from the author's published version of the *Iliad* :—

“Thus gods to wretched mortals did decree
Sadly to live; themselves from care are free.
For twain the casks that on Zeus' threshold lie,
Of gifts he gives; these good, those evil be.
To whom commixed gives Zeus the Thund'rer high,
He lights on ill at times, on better by and by.

Whom from the ill he gives, a man forbid,
Him hunteth ravening woe on sacred earth,
He roams by gods and men unhonorèd.

BARTER'S *Iliad*, book xxiv. stanzas 59, 60.

It is curious that these two passages, recording a gloomy view of life that reminds us of the melancholy of Ecclesiastes, should proceed from the two most earnest and thoughtful natures in Iliad or Odyssey, and main favourites of the poet, Achilles and Odysseus. The former, young indeed, and foremost in vigour bodily and mental, yet, from conviction of his premature end, his own deliberate choice before a long and ignoble life, and from much and deep converse with his goddess-mother, was early brought to meditate on the dark problem of life with an earnestness that has given sharpness and precision to what he says upon it, as in that remarkable speech to Lycaon, whom he refuses to spare. (*Iliad*, xxii. 100 et seq.)

The other is Odysseus, the all-experienced, whose thoughtful mind was made more thoughtful by what he had gone through, and who, sole survivor of the companions of his toils, his glory, his perils by sea and land, with so much of the past behind him for ever, stood there almost a stranger in his own palace, not a single face near him of all those with whom he had wrought and fought, and had now a worse work before him, to a Greek peculiarly hateful, that of sweeping to Hades all these young men, his countrymen and subjects. Fain would he have spared if but this one. Solemn is the life-lesson he was reading the youth Amphinomus;

solemn his adjuration that he should depart. Affectingly melancholy was life as it appeared to both heroes, the young and doomed Achilles and the mature and hackneyed Odysseus. And yet what other view could settle on the thoughtful of those days and that people, when the "be-all and the end-all" for any good was deemed to be substantially here in this life, to which the shadowy existence beyond the grave could not act as a counterpoise?

The peril of free translation, as compared with the less ambitious method of literal rendering, is farther remarkably illustrated by Pope's version of two passages, one in the *Odyssey*, and another in the *Iliad*, which read as spirited as one can desire, and would be preferred by ordinary readers to a closer version, but in which the translator has given what not only is not in the original, but could not have been there. For nothing is more remarkable than the moderate spirit which tones Greek poetry, and, being alien to all exaggeration, may often appear tame to those who are too far gone in the fervid, in their ideal of poetry, to be content with the true, and who will hardly admit colour to be colour unless it be glaring. This spirit of moderation, which governs even the management of the supernatural part of the poem, and makes the poet chary of wonders even where the gods themselves mingle in the work, is everywhere conspicuous, and, as observed in my Preface to the *Iliad*, belongs partly to the poet, but more to the audience, who would insist on the probable according to their notions of it.

This moderate spirit, this resemblance to fact, and effort at keeping to it, marks our best old ballads, as far as my recollection serves me, and makes some of them comparatively tedious from a certain matter-of-fact character carried to extreme. Whether this be true or not of the ballads (for I have not time to read them over again to test the correctness of my impression), I have no hesitation in marking moderation as one of the points of resemblance between ourselves and the *ancient Greeks*. With us nothing so tells against a man, or is more likely to forfeit our sympathies, than his "going too far," even in a course we approve. Mode and measure is a great instinct with the English people, and the spirit of compromise, which is so characteristic of us, and under Providence has done so much in making us what we are, is but a phase of it. With the Greeks, however, their ideal of beauty must also have operated intensely in this direction: for proportion being of the essence of it, excess, exaggeration, in other words, disproportion, would of necessity be distasteful to them. The principle has governed all expression of the Greek mind. And as everything human hath its special besetment, so when its vigour declined it became insipid. This character, however, of moderation in its health and vigour Pope has missed in two passages. First, in the *Odyssey*, book ix. 233, where, describing Polyphemus coming to the cave, the original says simply that he "was carrying a mighty load of dry wood to serve him at supper," Pope renders it by:—

"Near half a forest on his back he bore."

This exaggeration would have offended a Greek of the Homeric age, and set him thinking how soon the island would be exhausted of fuel at that rate of consumption, without reckoning the wants of the other Cyclops. Nor would he have been reconciled to the statement by calling it hyperbole. Hyperbole is a figure in small favour with mankind in the early stages of society, when it contradicts their experience.

Secondly, the other instance is in the Iliad, book xxii. where Apollo, under the form of Agenor, feigning to flee before Achilles, had drawn him away from pursuit of the Trojans, and now declares himself; Pope, in lieu of the simple unexaggerative speech of the unboastful Achilles, makes him answer in the vein of the Almanzor of Dryden. As the passage is very illustrative of the safety of literal version, and the peril of departure, the reader may not be displeased to be saved the trouble of reference by having the Greek and English together here:—

Αὐτὰρ Πηλείωνα προσπῆδα Φοῖβος Απόλλων
 Τίπτε με, Πηλέος μὲ, ποσὶν ταχέεσσι διώκεις,
 Αὐτὸς θυτὸς ἐών, θεὸν ἀμβροτον; οὐδέ νυ πώ με
 Ἐγνως ὡς θεός είμι, σὺ δ' ἀσπερχὲς μενεαίνεις.
 "Η νύ τοι οὕτι μέλει Τρώων πόνος, οὓς ἐφόβησας,
 Οἳ δή τοι εἰς ἀστυ ἄλεν, σὺ δὲ δεῦρο λιάσθης.
 Οὐ γάρ με κτανέεις, ἐπεὶ οὗτοι μάρσιμος είμι.
 Τὸν δὲ μέγ' ὄχθηςας προσέφη πόδας ὥκὺς Ἀχιλλεύς.
 "Εβλαψάς μ', Ἐκάεργε, θεῶν ὀλοώτατε πάντων,
 Ευθάδε νῦν τρέψας ἀπὸ τείχεος· ἢ κ' ἔτι πολλοὶ¹
 Γαιαν ὁδᾶξ εἴλον, πρὸν Ἱλιον εἰσαφικέσθαι.
 Νῦν δ' ἐμὲ μὲν μέγα κῦδος ἀφείλεο, τοὺς δ' ἐσάωσας

Τηϊδίως, ἐπεὶ οὖτι τίσιν γ' ἔδεισας ὀπίσσω.

Ἡ σ' ἀν τισαίμην, εἴ μοι δύναμις γε παρεῖν.

Ilias, xxii. 7-20.

"Apollo now to tired Achilles turns,
(The power confessed in all his glory burns ;)
‘And what (he cries) has Peleus’ son in view
With mortal speed a godhead to pursue ?
For not to thee to know the gods is given,
Unskilled to trace the latent marks of heaven.
What boots thee now that Troy forsook the plain ?
Vain thy past labour, and thy present vain :
Safe in her walls are now her troops bestowed,
While here thy frantic rage attacks a god.’

The chief incensed—‘Too partial god of day !
To check my conquests in the middle way :
How few in Ilion else had refuge found ?
What gasping numbers now had bit the ground ?
Thou robb’st me of a glory justly mine,
Powerful of godhead, and of fraud divine :
Mean fame, alas ! for one of heavenly strain,
To cheat a mortal who repines in vain.’

POPE’s *Iliad, xxii. 13-30.*

To Peleus’ son Phœbus Apollo said :—

“ ‘ Why chacing me, Pelides, swift feet ply,
Since thou but mortal art, and god immortal I ?

II. 10-17.

Thou know’st not I’m a god, so ragest sheer,
Leav’st work with Trojans, whom thou didst effray,
Who’re shut i’ th’ town, while thou hast turnèd here,
I am not mortal, me thou canst not slay.’
Swift-foot Achilles wroth to him did say :—
‘ Me hast thou injured, O Far-darter sore,
Thou cruellest of all the gods, away
From wall t’ have turned me. Surely else, before
They’d Ilium reached, had bit the ground a many more.

III. 18.

And mickle glory now thou'st ta'en from me,
These saving eath, that dost no vengeance dread.
Had I the power I'd venge me, though, on thee.'"

BARTER'S *Iliad*, xxii. stanzas 1, 2, 3.

Of the points for comment which Pope's version presents I confine myself to two. One is the exaggeration of the line in italics. It was impossible, with the freest scope for pursuit, but that thousands and thousands of the fugitives must have succeeded in entering Ilium, for the hundreds that Achilles could have slain. And a Greek's sense of the probable would have been shocked by a suggestion to the contrary. Nor is there the slightest hint of it on the part of Achilles, who, instead of saying "how few would have entered," which was false, says "how many more would have fallen," which was the modest truth. I notice it, not as an error in translation, but as an error which strikes at a Greek characteristic, moderation.

The other remark I had to make on the passage refers to supplementing the original with "Too partial God of day," and so contradicting Homer's mythology, in which Apollo was not the Sun-god; Helios alone performing that function. And in the *Odyssey* we have proof of it in the story of Aphrodite and Ares. Helios is the one to reveal the indiscretion to Hephaistos, while Apollo, quite a distinct personage, and described as the son of Zeus, is introduced as jesting with Hermes on the exposure. In the *Odyssey* he is clearly not the Sun-god; if he were so in the *Iliad*, it would be among the grounds for arguing different authorship of the two

poems. Pope's error was venial enough, and he could plead the authority of Eustathius, who confused the two, and in his comment on Iliad, i. 8, 9, says plainly that, where the poet speaks of Apollo, the son of Zeus and Leto, having set the chieftains at strife, it is all one as if he had said the Sun had done it:—*ὅμοιον λέγει ως ἐὰν εἴπεν ὅτι ὁ ἥλιος αὐτοὺς εἰς φιλονεικίαν συνέμιξε*. (Eustath. ed. Basle, 17. 20;) where the passage is commented on at some length, and, as elsewhere, the early mythology mixed up with that of a later period. This sufficiently illustrates the danger of invigorating a translation by additions to the original. Very sound scholarship, and a lively vigilance, are needed, in order to supplement without contradicting; the literal translator, on the other hand, avoids much ingenious blundering by the safer method of allowing the original to speak for itself. The literal method has less credit; but he must be very inexperienced in life who has failed to find that good service is often very thankless service: and he, on the other hand, has pitched life on a false principle who flinches from good service (that is, from doing the thing to be done, as he conceives it ought to be done), because of its being thankless.

In continuance, however, of our illustration, we will take the Wall-scene, (see extract 4 in this volume,) Iliad, book III. 146-244. In the course of this scene Cowper, in leaving the literal, departs from the tone and age of Homer, and drops upon a modern manner, as where he translates, speaking of the elders on the tower:—

"All elders of the people: warriors erst,
But idle now through age, yet of a voice
Still indefatigable as the fly's,
Which perched among the boughs sends forth at noon
Through all the grove his slender ditty sweet.
Such sat those Trojan leaders on the tower,
Who soon as Helen on the steps they saw,
In accents quick, but whispered, thus remarked.
Trojans and Grecians wage with fair excuse
Long war for so much beauty. O how like
In feature to the goddesses above!
Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away,
Resistless as thou art and all divine,
Nor leave a curse to us, and to our sons."

COWPER'S *Iliad*, III. 173-186.

In the above lines Cowper swerves from the original by suggesting garrulity, and the effects of old age in thinning the voice; a partial censure, in satiric vein, where Homer meant praise. For, in the Greek, after mention of their having through age ceased from war, the effect of age is limited to that; and it is emphatically added, and by way of contrast, that they were excellent orators. And this is just the account we should expect when we consider that we have the flower of the Trojan elders, and how long the intellect, and the voice in its fulness, survive the possession of physical force adequate to field exercise in those days, when personal strength went for so much in war. With this error of supposing Homer intended to mark the effect of age on the voice, Cowper translates $\lambda\varepsilon\pi\rho\epsilon\sigma\sigma\alpha\nu$ as "slender," where it is precisely the epithet denoting clearness and sweetness, as distinguished from husky

and thick. The cicala, be it noted, is a favourite with the Southern people. And in Spain and Italy they keep them in wire cages for the sake of their song, which, however, was unpleasing to one eminent Southern, Ariosto, who vents his spleen in the following stanza:—

“Percote il sole ardente il vicin colle,
E del calor, che si riflette à dietro,
In modo l' aria, e l' arena ne bolle,
Che saria troppo à far liquido il vetro.
Stassi cheto ogni augello à l' ombra molle.
Sol la cicala col noioso metro
Fra i densi rami del fronzuto stelo
Le valli, e i monti assorda, e l' mare, e l' cielo.”

Orlando Furioso, canto VIII. stanza 20.

But, returning to Cowper, “Long war for so much beauty,” is modern and in the abstract for the ancient and simple “for such a woman.” And, again, “Pernicious loveliness! Ah, hence away, resistless as thou art, and all divine,” is altogether in the modern mode, with a touch of gallantry about it to which the ancients were strangers. And the change to the vocative is inconsistent with the original, which had previously stated that they were whispering all this to one another, and, therefore, not likely to be addressing her. The original says, simply, “No blame to Trojans and well-greaved Achæans that, for such a woman, they bear woes so long. She is exceeding like the immortal goddesses in face; but, nevertheless, such as she is, let her go back in the ships, and not remain henceforth a mischief to us and our children.”

Again, where Antenor breaks in upon Helen's account of Odysseus, with, "Woman, thou speakest indeed the very truth," Cowper has "Princess;" substituting appellation of rank where the original addresses her by that of her sex, as Hector addressed Andromache. Indeed, in the simplicity of those days, it would not seem that women took titular rank from their husbands; *γυνὴ* was fit appellation for the wife of a prince, as of a peasant, even as a bishop's wife is plain Mrs., though her husband be "My lord." This, truly, opens the whole chapter of titles, a very interesting topic to a philosopher, and on which such testimony, as an ancient record like the Homeric poems yields us, should be preserved intact in translation. Titles, in the full rankness of their growth, belong to the Lower Empire. Of title apart from actual function the early ancients had, roundly speaking, none. And even at Rome, the master of the world was long content to govern it with no higher title than that of "commander," or "general," (*imperator*), in affected obedience to the senate he controlled.

The *γυνὴ* of the original is the precise word of the text, "Woman, what have I to do with thee?" (John ii. 4,) and had none of the abruptness which some may have felt in reading that passage of Scripture. Cowper, in common with other translators, has evidently felt it to be abrupt here, and has so far brought the poet down to modern times; the present translator prefers requesting the reader to go back to the times of the poet. And, as a rule, the reader will find it worth his pains;

for the differences, slight in themselves, are often vastly significant in their relation to the state of society to which they belong. The gentleman-usher of the French court saw revolution in a change of costume, and the instinct of his calling had taught him a truth in advance of the philosophers. On the text of any one modern title, modern as compared with these poems, such as "serene highness," what a chapter of history might be written! It behoves us, then, to be careful how we rub out, or confuse, such texts in rendering so authentic a record as the Iliad and Odyssey.

Again, at Iliad, vi. l. 376 et seq. (see extract 8 in this volume), Hector's asking of the whereabouts of his wife is characteristic. In naming the places whither she may have gone, observe how the male sex is excluded. He does not ask if she had gone to his kindred, which might include his brothers and cousins, but, specifically, had she gone to his sisters, or to his brothers' wives, or to the temple of Athenia, where the other Trojan women were offering supplication. The interrogatory and the answer, and the adjuration to speak the truth, are so many glimpses of the social condition of the period, in which the tendency to fib among the domestics is pretty palpable. Cowper, in his translation of the passage, has well marked its restriction to the female sex, but has rendered l. 378,—

"Went she to see
Her female kindred of my father's house;"

thus in a terse line giving summary abstract, but not at all in the epic manner, and, in this case, very vague as

compared with the original. From this line alone you would not know but that Hector was an only child, and had asked if Andromache had gone to see his old aunts; but the single line of the original excludes this supposition, and from it you would know that Hector had sisters and brothers, and that the latter were married, from the employment of two words designating respectively a husband's sisters, and a husband's brothers' wives. In Cowper's case, then, a terse departure from the literal has abridged its significance.

One more instance of the risk of departure from the literal, and improving on the original, I will take from the *Odyssey*, book xxii. l. 465-473; giving first the Greek, then Pope's version of the passage, and then my own, which is nearly literal, from my manuscript translation of the poem. It describes the execution of the maids, to whom, for their ill-conduct and insult of his mother, Telemachus decrees an ignominious death by hanging instead of the sword.

"Ως ἄρ' ἔφη· καὶ πεῖσμα νεώς κνανοπράροιο
 Κίονος ἐξάψας μεγάλης περίβαλλε θόλοιο,
 'Τύφος' ἐπεντανύσας, μήτις ποσὶν οὐδας ἵκηται.
 'Ως δ' ὅτ' ἀν ἡ κίχλαι τανυσίπτεροι, ἡὲ πέλεισι,
 'Ερκει ἐνιπλήξωσι, τό θ' ἐστήκει ἐνὶ θάμνῳ,
 Αὖλιν ἐσιέμεναι, στυγερὸς δ' ὑπεδέξατο κοῖτος.
 'Ως αἴγ' ἐξείνε κεφαλὰς ἔχον, ἀμφὶ δὲ πάσαις
 Δειρῆσιν βρόχοι ἤσαν ὅπως οἴκτιστα θάνοιεν.
 'Ησπαιρον δὲ πόδεσσι μίνυνθά περ, οὕτι μάλα δίν.

Odyss. xxii. 465-473.

* " Thus speaking on the circling wall he strung
 A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;

Near the high top he strained it strongly round
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below:
Thus on some tree, hung struggling in the snare
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind."

POPE's *Odyssey*, book xxii. 499-508.

"He spake, and rope of ship, cerulean-prowed,
Tied to huge column, round the scullery flings,
High stretched, that reach the ground with feet none could.
And e'en as thrushes of the wide-spread wings,
Or doves encounter net, to copse that clings,
Where they would roost, but find a roosting ill.
So these had heads a-row; each neck enrings
The rope by which die wretchedly they will.
They quivered with their feet awhile, but soon were still."

BARTER's *Odyssey*, MS., book xxii. stanza 52.

In this account of the strangling of the maids, which, according to all Greek notions, was inevitable, and had to be shown, Pope, by transposing the order of telling it, has protracted the detail of the dying agonies by leaving them struggling, he does not say how long; and the simile comes upon us while we are contemplating their sufferings. In the original these agonies are not dwelt on. The whole account occupies nine lines. The preparations for hanging are softened with mitigating simile, and the actual hanging disposed of in a line, nay, less: for in the eighth line they are about to be hanged, and in the ninth it is all over, and their sufferings declared to have been short. Observe that the

simile is not meant to illustrate their struggles in dying, but their standing with the cords round their necks before suspension. Nothing is said of the struggles of the birds, but simply that they came to roost and found ill roosting.

The reader probably by this time has had enough of illustration of the effects of free and literal rendering of our poet, and will be glad to close the affair, or pass on to something else. To close here were perhaps better, but the writer, *more scriptorum*, inclines to passing on to something else. For this being a book which is likely to find but few readers, there may be, among the few, one or more who will desire to receive what all are so ready to bestow, advice; and if it be but two in fifty that have that desire, it is not in Fifty-two to refuse a parting word of counsel on the study of Homer, and the translating him.

On the studying of Homer the prime counsel is, perhaps, the least followed, and may be summed in three words, calm consecutive perusal: calm, in order that you may take the natural undisturbed impression of the poem itself; and consecutive, that the impression be not broken and disjointed. For Homer is his own best interpreter, and will teach you more about himself, I mean his poetry—for he, like Shakespeare, is himself invisible,—than you will get outside. Frank acceptance of the impression, that such unbiassed perusal of these wonderful poems makes on you, will put you in possession of what you will not reach by any other method. And such calm consecutive perusal will reward you not

only by the discoveries you make, but by the discoveries you will not make. For you will escape erroneous impressions that fasten on those who come to the perusal with a purpose, and read here, and read there, and draw conclusions, and see things in the poem which have no root but in their own prepossessions.

But although consecutive and attentive perusal be among the best preservatives against error, yet the greatest familiarity with a long work will not always maintain perfect accuracy in this respect against negative notions of what a work does not contain. Affirmatively, that it does contain this or that you may be sure of by referring to the passage; but negatively, that it does not contain this or that, requires often a present recollection of all the contents of a work, which is rarely found. With this class of impressions, therefore, however strong, it is safer to hold them provisionally, and deliver them with caution, and be especially shy of accepting them as facts for inference. An illustration of the value of some such reticence is afforded in the late Mr. Rogers' Recollections, 2nd ed. p. 24, where the celebrated Charles Fox, with whom Homer was familiar reading, is reported as praising the delicacy of our poet, and very justly, but giving as an instance of it Penelope's never naming Troy, nor mentioning Ulysses by name. In fact she does both, and names Ilium at least five times, and Odysseus not less than ten.*

Another example of erroneous impressions of Homer,

* Ilium is mentioned, Odyss. xvii. 104, xviii. 251, xix. 125, 260, xxii. 19; and Odysseus, xvii. 103, 538, 539, xviii. 252, xix. 126,

in spite of long familiarity, will be found in Horace, whose writings reveal the closest intimacy with both poems and delicate appreciation of them, but who with his “quandoque dormitat Homerus,” if it be meant of relaxed or unequal handling, must, I think, himself have been under influence of an extra cup of Falernian, and still more when he would have one present Achilles as,—

“Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.”

In which description “iracundus” is a very inadequate account of him on that side of his character, and the *jura neget sibi nata*, a flat calumny and simply absurd. Frank and vehement, but scrupulously just, there was no stricter observer of law, none more punctual in performing his duty under all the relations of life than this young hero, the favourite, the most ideal of Homer's creations. The real hardness of his character lay in its not squaring with the expedient policy of the other chiefs, who were very tolerant of a breach of the laws, while it did not come home to themselves. The outrage of Agamemnon was as flagrant a breach of the plainest obligation as can be imagined. Achilles, who deserved the highest at the hands of all, was outraged in a right that should have been sacred in the meanest, and that on occasion of his answering in the interests of the

136, 141, 259, 313, 315, 358. At page 20 of the Recollections it is said that Fox read Homer more than any other writer, and at page 32, that he read Homer more than once a year.

whole army on solemn appeal made to him. He withdrew. And, if he were too spirited in his speech on the occasion, his self-control was sufficient to keep him from any act which transcended his rights. For licence of speech Athenè had expressly permitted, and even urged him to it. Accordingly, we find not a word of blame breathed against him from any but the valiant and inexperienced Diomed on one occasion, whose excessive awe and admiration of Agamemnon appears in his patient submission to the unjust rebuke of the latter, and chiding his friend Sthenelus, who had the spirit to reply. Indeed, the character of Achilles is the most admirable in the whole range of epic poetry. Horace truly, with his easy Epicureanism, would have less sympathy with it. The hero of the "*relictā non bene parmulā*" would find little to attract him in the young hero, who deliberately chose glory and early death in preference to long and ignoble life.

A stronger motive, however, lay, I suspect, at the bottom of this perversion in one who was too shrewd to have missed the truth. It was pure adulation of Augustus, whose palate and policy it suited to brand impatience of arbitrary power as bred of an irascible and lawless spirit. Not a very worthy piece of flattery this, but certainly more delicate than the fulsome passage in the Georgics, where the Scorpion is invited to pack up his claws to make room for Augustus, in case of his desiring a place in the Zodiac.

But this word of counsel is running to a length, and at present regards but the student of Homer. What

πυκινὸν ἵπτος, or pregnant word, have we for the intending translator? Even the same, with addition, *semel et iterum, terque, quaterque*, if need be. Let him read Iliad and Odyssey through and through. And then to the youth, who, in the face of the translations swarming around him, meditates another, I say, "macte, puer,"— "to it, my lad;" but take along with you a caution or two from a veteran, who knows something of life, and ought to know something of Homer. I advise the young translator, who I presume starts with the preliminary of reading the original with the facility that he reads Shakespeare and Milton, for otherwise I have no advice to offer him; but with this condition I would lovingly exhort him to follow his own ideal in the matter, his own judgment, for, although it be not the best in the abstract, it will be concretely the best for him, better than acting upon another's better judgment even, that is alien to him. What hand think you a man would write if his pen be guided by another, though that other be never such a master of penmanship? Far better write his own hand, however uncomely: it will have some character, while the guided hand has none, neither of him who holds the pen, nor of him who directs it. Let him *learn*, indeed, from others whatever they can teach, and enlarge his knowledge on all sides, but let him *do* of himself. No worthy work is possible on other principle.

I would, therefore, advise him not to fix on individual approbation as a guide. The man who undertakes the translation of Iliad or Odyssey should not have to seek out of himself for the motives or principle

of doing it, or he is not fit to attempt it. The motive for doing worthy work of this kind must be from within, not from without. He must not do it from any supposed necessity of the thing being wanted; for it is not a bread-getting matter, and therefore the principle of supply and demand is not applicable here. He must not set about it because urged to it by request of friends, still less from the weak motive of surpassing other translators; but singly and simply his motive must be this, that familiarity with these beautiful poems in the original has bred in him a yearning to present them in our own noble tongue.

And with his own motives he must reckon for the satisfaction that he is to reap from his work; for much general original appreciation in a work of this kind a translator must not look for. If he be well off, indeed, in connection literary or other, and his friends be not of the Rochefoucauld order, he may float along on a sort of second-hand approbation. Not, however, be it noted, that genuine appreciation or the contrary will be divided, as a tiro might suppose, among those that know and those that do not. Appreciation will be scant; but he may find it, and of the right sort, among the comparatively ignorant, and fail of it among the better qualified. A sensible clear-headed mechanic or peasant, clear of crotchets, and gifted with a portion of that poetic spirit which shone so largely in Burns, will better appreciate a good translation of Homer than a professor, with no end of Greek, who should happen to be wanting in that spirit.

But whoever the youth may be, wherever, and at whatever distance of time, that, meditating a version of Homer into his own language, upon whatever principle, so it be in a worthy spirit, shall chance to light on these pages, he will probably find them not unhelpful, by stirring his thoughts on proper points, even where he may not agree with the writer. Be that, however, as it may, I take my leave here and wish him god-speed, in the words of a poet with whom he was doubtless familiar before he made acquaintance with Homer, whatever coolness may have grown up between them since,—

“ *Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem,
Fortunam ex aliis.* ” *Aeneid*, XII. 435.

Which may cotton well with our meaning if thus Englished:—The right principle and true stomach for work you may learn from me, but for luck seek it elsewhere.

KENTISH TOWN,
February 17, 1862.





PREFACE TO THE AUTHOR'S VERSION OF THE ILIAD PUBLISHED IN 1854.

IN adding another to the existing versions of the Iliad of Homer, already before the public, the translator doubted whether or not to offer it at once without preface, as an undertaking which, if approved of, would commend itself, and to which, if disapproved, no prefatory preparation or apology could reconcile the reader. With the usual result, however, of such debate, he has resolved on venturing somewhat by way of introduction, if only to set forth what is aimed at in the present work, and to remove, if possible, certain prejudices that might operate on the minds of some against his method of treatment; but how far he has been successful it is, of course, for the reader alone, after unbiassed perusal, to determine. The following, then, is offered as the most literal metrical English version of the Iliad hitherto published, and certainly the most literal in rhyme. And in it the translator has aimed at giving all that is in the original, without regard to supposed redundancy.

or repetition, and from it as rigidly excluding every thought and expression which is not there to be found. That he has always succeeded it would be vain to assert; but he can conscientiously declare that he has never swerved without a feeling of discomfort proportioned to the strenuous efforts he has always made to avoid the necessity. And this constant endeavour, he ventures to flatter himself, has been attended with, at least, this result, that a closer version has been produced than the reader would, perhaps, at hearing of a rhymed translation, have expected.

In prosecution of his design of giving Homer exactly, as far as he was able, the proper names are given as in the original. The propriety of so doing in any translation from the Greek will now scarcely be questioned, after the tendency that prevails even in original works, as in Bishop Thirlwall's History of Greece, and in Mr. Grote's, of employing them instead of their Latin equivalents. As a general rule, this has been done here, except,—First, in those books which the translator had completed before resolving on this plan, and which he has been unable entirely to alter; instances of which may be found in Books II. to VIII. inclusive (the first book having been remodelled). Secondly, Where the proper names have adequate equivalents in English, as Dream, Sleep, Death, and some others, which would have gained nothing, he thought, by substituting the original *Oneiros*, *Hypnos*, and *Thanatos*. But when the Greek name was resolved on, a difficulty still remained. Should the Latin form be given or the Greek? Should

we, for instance, have Hephaestus or Hephaistos? He has preferred the latter, though not without a twinge at the occasional consequences of carrying out the rule. And if the reader withhold his approval, it is hoped that he will consider the difficulty and extend his indulgence. There is no rule for courage, whether physical or moral. Very fire-eaters have shaken at a trifling matter; and the writer may be somewhat in the same predicament: he has not flinched from what the reader may consider rougher changes, and yet has fairly turned tail and fled when asked to charge upon a Roman C, and plant the colours of a Greek K in its stead.

There is one feature in connection with this subject to which the reader's attention is invited; viz. that not only has it been endeavoured to give the Greek name, but the one used then and there by Homer; and rarely, for instance, has Phœbus been substituted for Apollo, or Pallas for Athenè. The proper names, moreover, where several occur together, are uniformly given in the order of the original. And this has been especially a matter of scruple with the translator in the Catalogue of the Ships, where the order in which the places occur is an element of value in the geography of the description, and accordingly mentioned with praise by Macrobius.

But although the propriety of literal translation is very generally admitted, yet some, whose approbation the translator would not willingly forego, are against it, fortified by a prejudice which is of some standing, and had found plausible expression, at least, as far back as

Denham's Lines to Fanshawe on the latter's translation of the Pastor Fido. This notion has been worked up into a notable recipe for translation, which, while it alters the expression of the problem, adds nothing to its solution. Applied to our subject, it would run thus:—A perfect translation would present the poem as Homer would have written it in English. This is often uttered with the confidence of an axiom, and yet it recommends an impossibility, and takes for granted what never did nor ever could occur, for no great epic, true and genuine, can be repeated. Every true poem, of like compass, is so enwoven with the then and there of the people and language to which it belongs as to be inapplicable to any other. This seemingly plausible recommendation, therefore, opens a large field of doubt and difficulty. To un-Greek Homer were not enough,—we must Anglicize him. But to what period of our history? Is he to be the Englishman of to-day? But how then could he have addressed such a poem to the men of the nineteenth century? What warrant in our manners would he have found for three-fourths of it? And take away these, in what condition would the poem be left? Or, if this were admissible, how could such truncation of the original fall within the province of a translator? Whether for diction, for machinery, for incidents, there is no period of our history to which an English Homer could have applied an Iliad, or made with those materials other than an exotic composition, and, therefore, not an Iliad, not a poem embalmed in the hearts and sympathies, the customs, language, and faith of his country-

men. The Argonauts might, perhaps, with little change, have been written anywhere; but the Iliad in Hellas only, and among the Greeks of the heroic age, even as the Cid is linked inseparably with Spain, and the chivalrous Spaniards that battled with the Moor, and as the Nibelungen-Lied belongs to the Teutons of the time. Homer, then, could not have reproduced his poem; at most he would have achieved another and original work embodying what was applicable in the first. And in this direction the translator is travelling who is too ambitious of rendering his author by equivalents. He may make another, and, if stronger than his original, a better poem, but not a translation.

A translator's office the writer conceives to be of a much humbler cast. Great diligence, respect for his author, and oblivion of self, so as never voluntarily to import the latter into the former,—these, with the commoner qualities in the lower walks of Parnassus, will go further than the highest poetic powers without them. Indeed, it is possible for high poetic power to be a hindrance even, when, like a wayward river, it would rather wander at its own sweet will, than be canalled and cooped in dykes and locks, for all the precious freight it may be thereby made to convey. And Homer, of all poets, is so suggestive as to offer continual temptations of this kind, and so furnishes the sole excuse for translators like Chapman, who is repeatedly breaking off from his author upon some little original poesy on his own account, which, however good in itself, is too often out of keeping with the poem, which it consequently mars.

Lack of such poetic facility, or, as he would flatter himself, respect for his author, has kept the present translator from any voluntary transgressions of this nature. For the majesty of the original would have effectually rebuked all inclination to trespass. For the right thing in the right place, enough and no more, so characterizes it throughout, that he felt every change to be for the worse, every addition redundancy, and every suppression defect.

If, then, it will be urged by another and opposite class of objectors, the parts of a good epic and its concomitants be, so to speak, inseparable, this must be especially so of the verse itself. Undoubtedly. But the verse is not linked with the subject only, but with the language also; and this latter link is less easily broken than the other. In any given tongue, whatever your subject, you have comparatively a range of choice among the rhythms of that tongue, but nothing beyond. Now the rhythms that depend on quantity are not more exclusively germane to the tongues of ancient Greece and Rome, whose prosody was based on quantity, than are the accentual rhythms to the accentual tongues of modern Europe, and to none more than English. Hexameters, pentameters, *et id genus omne*, evince great skill and ingenuity on the part of the English poet who employs them, but, in the writer's opinion, equally evince the indomitable reluctance of the material to be moulded into those forms. Whatever his command of language, the choicest words will desert him by the score when he comes to drill them in these foreign forms,

which not all the power of all the poets united could ever render vernacular. And as for the supposed necessity of keeping to the measure of the original, what would be thought of a translation of the Faëry Queen into Greek which should preserve the rhyme and the stanza? An English translator therefore, it is conceived, should eschew hexameter for the very reason that Homer chose it, viz. regard to the requirements of the language in which he wrote.

The verse, then, must be accentual ; and, for the number of feet, the five-accent, or heroic verse, appeared the best. That of six accents, which had charms for Drayton, and still more the lengthy line of seven, in which the soul of Chapman delighted, would, if more popular, have been convenient for translation on the score of room. And it is surprising that Chapman had not made his illustrious guest more at home when he had provided so spacious a mansion for his reception. But these are all but obsolete, and not to be greatly regretted. The former, for long together, is monotonous, and the latter cumbersome ; and, except for the bare quality of length, they are not to be compared to the noble instrument which Chaucer's genius first bestowed upon us, and which has been tuned to music too varied and exquisite, from his time to the present, for the English minstrel to the latest generation to allow of its falling from his hands.

The verse of five accents, therefore, being determined on, the question of grouping it remained. Should it be blank verse or rhyme? From the former the translator

confesses that he should shrink, as from the most difficult form of verse, and one to which, even if his hands were free, he could not hope to do justice, and manage it as it should be managed for poetry of this high order even in original composition, and much less therefore when he is tied down to the necessities of a literal translation. Turning then to rhyme, it may be matter of surprise that the Spenserian stanza is adopted instead of the seemingly easier vehicle of the couplet. The choice of this stanza, as noticed in publishing the first book of the Iliad, by way of experiment, some three years ago, was accidental. But the translator has found no reason to repent it on the score of difficulty. For whatever trouble the frequent rhymes occasioned him at first, until he had gained some mastery over the material, has been more than compensated by their alternate recurrence, affording him time and room for their reception, in a way that would have been utterly impossible in the close following of the couplet. There are some, however, who object to the Spenserian stanza as a translating medium. But the writer confesses to being unable to concur in that judgment. For if it be on the score of difficulty, he thinks that, weighing the advantages and drawbacks, the balance will on the whole be found in its favour. But if it be considered wanting in epic fitness, he thinks it would be difficult to substantiate the objection. For the addition of the ninth line, so exquisite an enhancement of its capabilities will hardly be reckoned a disadvantage as compared with the *ottava rima* of the Italians in this respect. And

surely the latter form of verse is no detriment to the epic qualities of the *Morgante Maggiore*, nor of the *Orlando Innamorata*, whether in its original form or in the *rifacimento* of Berni, nor of the *Orlando Furioso*, nor of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*. And if not, then it is the language and not the verse which is to blame, but how, it is difficult to understand. For what mood of poetic feeling occurs in the epic that has not found exquisite expression in the Spenserian stanza at the hands of the great masters of song in our own noble tongue? There are battles enough, and narrative enough, and description of every kind, and reflection, and sentiment, and philosophy in the *Faëry Queen* and *Childe Harold*, to instance no other, making between them a wide enough compass of poesy in all conscience; and yet where do we find the utterances of the poet marred or hampered by the form of verse? Is it not, on the contrary, a noble instrument, complete and expressive beyond all others, the godlike builded verse of Milton alone excepted? If the reader, then, be dissatisfied with the present specimen, he must, it is feared, blame the performer, and not the instrument, which, touched by a master, would yield its choicest tones, though unskilled hands, and fettered into the bargain, fail to wake the music within it.

Another advantage of this form of verse is its compass of vocabulary, giving one the whole range of the language, receiving the oldest grey-worn words side by side with those of the newest mint with equal grace. An unspeakable advantage this to a literal translation

and in rhyme, by giving a choice of sound and of syllables to a degree that is denied to the more fastidious and modernising requirements of the couplet. The translator, however, has been sparing in the exercise of the privilege, and has never employed an old word but from necessity, and to better the translation; from which, when really compelled to admit them, he has not felt that an occasional archaism was any derogation, as the original itself is not without instances of the like nature. For there are words in it—few indeed, but words there are—which had grown obsolete to a later age of the Greeks themselves, and to the meaning of which the Greek commentators, in the absence of any definite knowledge, had no other guide than the extremely vague one of the etymology of the word itself.* The words I have used are, however, in a better predicament, for although not of the current coin of the day, from which indeed words quickly fall that still circulate freely in the realms of poesy, yet their meaning is known; and never, I trust, will the poetic feeling in this country sink so low as to deem a word absolutely inadmissible which has the sanction of Spenser, or the

* To the scholar examples will readily occur, such as *μέθυ*, Il. vii. 471, which the scholiasts mark as an ancient word, for what was, in their time, expressed by *οἶνος* only. So *σιφλώω*, Il. xiv. 142, an antiquated word, which the scholiasts guessed at, partly from the context, and partly from the etymology, with but little success according to Heyne. Other examples are afforded by *τρίγληνα μορόεντα*, Il. xiv. 1. 183; *ἀφλοισμός*, xv. 607; and *κλοποπένειν*, Il. xix. 149, (see Heyne, ad locos;) and *κλιτύς*, Il. xvi. 390, (see Eustathius, ad loc.)

ancient but regal stamp of the father of English poets, the noble Chaucer himself. And this so far as the use of words comparatively obsolete is concerned, which, however, are only used on occasion, and very sparingly. But objection may perhaps be made to the diction generally on an opposite ground, for admitting words, not disused, but rather too much in use, and so giving the version a familiar air, detracting from the dignity of the original. On this, as on other points, the writer is in his reader's hands. But he may be permitted to state that on the subject of poetic diction his creed is this. Many words, though fewer than some suppose, are fit for poetry without being suitable to prose; but he knows of few words, not scientific, that fit prose, and may not find a place in poetry. The poetic character of the latter class lies in their value in the place they appear in. And, apart from that value, where is the poetry of the best? The separation of prose and poetry is rather in the phraseology, than the single words; though, as regards phrases, he would have a miserable notion of the grounds of poetry who should go about to exclude idiomatic expressions from its diction. That was the great fault of a school that once had its admirers in this country. They had a notion of the elevation of language apart from its indissoluble connection with thought. Remoteness from common speech, and sheer grandiloquence, with such are very apt to pass for elevation. There is, however, the right expression for the right thought. If they meet they must not be parted; it is a blessed union, be it prose or poetry; if

separate it is a make-shift, whether you get the thought without the expression, if indeed such a thing be possible of the whole thought, or, which is too possible and too common, you get the expression denuded of the thought.

And Homer, himself, with all the resources of his marvellous language at command, was anything but a lover of grandiloquence. Far from thinking that sublimity lay in avoiding common speech, he was much of our Shakespeare's mind, and uttered the highest things with familiar simplicity. Little did he think that the dignity of the Epic might be compromised by his not uttering common things in an uncommon out-of-the-way dialect. And his negligence in this way has troubled the Daciers and others considerably, who are for giving him a lift on these occasions. As for eschewing common words that aptly expressed his meaning, nothing could be farther from our poet's manner. The very familiarity of these words, and their at-homeness in the minds of the hearers, would have been their greatest recommendation to him as to our own sweet idiomatic Shakespeare. The translator, therefore, confesses to having made no attempt at this species of epic dignity in the following version, although there are not wanting high names on its side. Clarke, for instance, whose appreciation of our poet is in general very just, yet, in a note on Iliad XIII. 707, gravely repudiates the word *τέμνει* as too familiar for epic elevation! The remark would, of course, not apply to so ripe a scholar; but, from Greek being a dead language, and consequently all its words on an equal footing as to familiarity, *i.e.* equally un-

familiar to most readers of the original, they are apt to lose sight of a very important fact in judging of the elevation of the diction, viz. that there was no distinction between written and unwritten language as with us. The language of books, as a separate body of words, could not have existed, for there were no readers. Homer indeed, I am persuaded, himself wrote and carried his written compositions about with him for recitation; but the audience he addressed was of necessity, in an age when manuscripts were rare and costly, unable to read. So that in the measure that his poem should recede from the spoken language it would cease to be intelligible. In fact, his poems, like our old ballads, must perforce have been written in the common language of the country, and only more graceful because that language had attained to a higher pitch, and the people were, perhaps, of higher aesthetic capacity. Poetic diction, as distinguished from common speech, there was none.

But, to return to the subject of the more obsolete words, with which the following version may be garnished, it should be noticed, that, for the sake of making the book so far, what every book ought to be, complete in itself, and to save the trouble of reference in these busy times, the word will usually be found explained in a note to the passage where it occurs, and authority added for its use. This may be considered a work of supererogation by some, but not, it is trusted, by the many for whom, and for whom alone, the notes have been written at all. For it is not for the learned or the

studious, who would not require them, that the notes are written, but for those of my readers—and would they were many!—who, loving poetry for its own sake, are fain to have some acquaintance with a poem of such world-wide reputation, but who have not had leisure or opportunity to acquire that preliminary knowledge which is indispensable to relish or even understand a great deal that will be found in a writer so removed in time and manners from our own. With this view many more passages had been marked for annotation, but subsequently struck out. For as it is, there is reason to fear the notes will be considered too many, and some of them too long. Their sole object has been to facilitate the understanding and relish for Homer to the unclassic reader. How far they will answer that purpose, the writer is unable to anticipate. It is difficult for one as little experienced as the translator in such matters to cater for the public taste. In other kinds of writing an author may often please himself, and in so doing he will please those, at least, of similar tastes. But in anticipating the wants of others on a subject of this nature he has no such guide to go by. His own wants can be no measure at all in the matter; for if he need the notes, he will be unable to write them.

The same motive which prompted the notes has induced the translator, with the same uncertainty of its answering the purpose, to venture here some observations on the poem itself, and the light in which, as he conceives, it should be regarded. What he has to say will be but the impressions—so to speak, involuntary—

which he has received from the poem itself during the task, he was going to say, but rather the pleasure and delight, of translating it has lasted. And whatever may be thought of the scope and correctness of the writer's views, they have at least been suggested by the work itself, and honestly represent what he has felt and thought. In this spirit he would have the reader go along with him to inspect a country, which though the writer may have visited before him, and brought back impressions of the landscape as seen by the glorious sunlight of the original, yet its broader features will always remain to enable his companion on this his second journey to form an independent judgment for himself. With this understanding, it is trusted that they will get on very amicably together, and the writer, without binding himself to any order, will take leave to say what the occasion suggests, without further fear of misconstruction.

The first thing then, which can scarcely fail to strike every attentive reader of the poem in the original, is its unborrowed and self-originating character. All is Greek; and, roundly speaking, it never travels out of the cycle of Greek thought and experience, or touches on anything unfamiliar to the Greek people. Homer's similes, for example, are mostly drawn from objects, as it were, imbedded in the landscape, and customs of his own land and people, their feelings and experience, and are therefore such that common observers in that age and country could attest their truth. Matters of remote or recondite observation, or the result of mere indi-

vidual contemplation, do not seem to have been the subject of comparison with him. And very properly, for comparisons being at foundation to strike the imagination more forcibly, and illustrate the matter in hand, from matter in the minds or experience of the auditors, should be drawn from materials not less but rather more familiar than the thing they illustrate. If this be correct, then will the comparisons of our poet be found to possess a value independent of their mere poetic significance, because, appealing to the experience of the people, they reveal to that extent what that people experienced and knew, and afford data so far for appreciating their knowledge and condition. This the historic value of the simile would be lost or impaired in a translation that altered or materially affected it, even though something more poetically significant (no easy task) were substituted. Accordingly, in dealing with this valuable historic record, as all ancient genuine poems are, the writer has scrupulously, to the best of his power, adhered to the substance and manner of the original in these points, never willingly altering even a metaphor, and above all carefully abstaining from intruding figurative language not warranted by the Greek. He has endeavoured, in fact, to secure the advantages of a literal translation, as far as he was able, in verse.

This preference of familiar objects, however, was not, the writer thinks, so much the result of choice in the poet, as of necessity in the minds of his audience. In all early poetry it will probably be found that the illustrations of the poet are drawn from objects familiar to

his audience, and never borrowed from sources beyond their experience. For the early poetry of all nations, and especially of the nations of antiquity, would be prior to much knowledge on their part beyond what their own country and manners afforded them. Their minds, accustomed therefore to pictures that reflected their own deeds, and sentiments, and experience, would reject any foreign and non-vernacular element with a repugnance of which we in modern Europe, who, from a mixed literature of various ages and countries, have come to tolerate, and even admire and revere, much that we neither feel nor understand, can scarcely form an adequate conception.* Our extended knowledge, literary and geographical, favours the importation of exotic notions and allusions, which the few understand, and which the many,

* Two instances will suffice to show the general acceptance of imagery that has no foundation with us. The one, the loves of the Nightingale and the Rose—a pretty connection of bird and flower, which the generality of readers receive readily enough, but for which they could as easily substitute the Linnet and Lily, or any other bird or flower; the relation between any of them indeed being, in these parts, vague and arbitrary. But in Persia it appears (see Sir W. Jones, *Poeseos Asiat.* Comment. p. 143) that the nightingale is excessively fond of the scent of roses, which grow there in great abundance, and of intense fragrance, which the bird will inhale with greediness and delight, until he often falls intoxicated to the ground. Here we have an appropriateness in the choice of bird and flower, and the Persian poet in employing this image appeals but to the knowledge of the people he addresses. The other instance is the Scriptural expression, "Put my tears into thy bottle," which is without foundation in our manners. But it would seem to be familiar enough in the East, from the account

without understanding, yet treat with a respect which might be withheld were there but one uniform tone of culture prevailing, as in those days. Otherwise, the instinct of modern times would equally insist on the vernacular in poetry; and rightly insist. For what is poetry that comes not home to men's bosoms? And how can it touch their hearts, and house in their breasts, but by mixing in all their doings, going where they go, and dwelling where they dwell, in court and camp, in senate and forum, the palace and the cottage, the temple and the market-place, and talking still in their own familiar tongue? Not, surely, by scouring foreign lands and literatures for quaint and alien images in which we have neither part nor lot. For a people's speech is not more indispensable to the vitality of their poetry, than is preserving the vernacular in tone and treatment. The poet may travel foreign lands, and foreign tongues, and other times, into all departments of human mind, and grow familiar with every phase, if possible, of human genius,—the more the better, so long as his soul is strengthened by such food, and, growing stronger and stronger, he is not a whit the less in every point the man of his own age and country. His poetry then, and then only, may hope to command the suffrages of his own and of after-time.

Mr. Morier gives of the mourning assemblies in Persia, where the priest goes about to each mourner in the height of his grief with a piece of cotton, with which he collects the falling tears, and squeezing them into a bottle, puts them by very carefully, as they are supposed to be of high efficacy in case of sickness.

In all original pieces, therefore, the poet should write for his own age and country, both as to subject for the most part, and always in the handling. For translating, on the other hand, he should as sedulously avoid importing the ideas of his own age into a piece which belongs to another, or he may endanger the characteristic feature of his author. But with regard to original composition, instinct and necessity have fixed a vernacular character on the early poets in all countries; and the early poetry accordingly has a freshness, and beauty, and vitality, that seem to bid defiance to every change, because it was once the living production of the poet's mind in the totality of his being as a man and a citizen of that age and country, and it is given to the immortal mind that no genuine offspring thereof can ever die. Nothing, on the other hand, is so fatal to the vitality of a poem as the serious and real anachronism of not embodying the poet's personality, which by a thousand invisible links is bound to his own time and country, but embodying only a feeble attempt to step out of the atmosphere of his own existence, and realize that of a people and age of which he knows only by hearsay and history, which for the most part yield up but the dry bones of the past, without flesh, and blood, and warmth, and life. This is the fault of Virgil's *Aeneid*; its dead parts are from this cause, its vital parts are from himself. A consciousness of this it was probably that made him feel his poem lacked the reality of Homer's, and so wish to have it destroyed, and not, as the rumour runs, because of a few short lines here and there.

Genius of the highest order has always steered clear of this shoal, which would else have wrecked the reputation of the brightest. Dante was conspicuously Italian, and the contemporary element in him so strong as to render him obscure to the reader of the present day, even in his own country, and notwithstanding a style marvellously pure and transparent. And Shakespeare, again, how eminently vernacular ! His treatment even of Greek and Roman subjects is English, and the result has been, that, in making sure of his own nationality, and causing his characters to speak and act as his own countrymen so circumstanced would have done, he has secured a dramatic reality which renders his the best, the most vital classic plays ever written in modern times, and most true to much that prevailed in the period they represent, because true to human nature, which in substance is at all times and everywhere the same. An antiquarian anxiety to exclude everything English would have resulted in a vapidly applicable to no period whatever, like the *grand monarque* classic abstractions of the French school. Cervantes was before all things Spanish, and he remains accordingly the delight, not of Spain alone, but the world, without a rival. Spain has now no literature, nor will she have so long as the fashion prevails of following French models instead of opening up the resources of native mind, which, in its worst state, is always far before the exotic, though drawn from higher sources than she has fixed on. Impatience of foreign element may be regarded as a mark of health and vigour in the poetry of

a nation ; and if not among the causes, it is a usual concomitant of that condition, and poetry that has maintained its hold on national favour will be rarely found without it.

There is another feature also equally remarkable—the total absence of the arbitrary ; which, although perhaps inseparable from the true epic, being founded on the exigences of the audience, and therefore involuntary on the poet's part, yet, when its requirements are so nobly satisfied, and with such apparent ease, it becomes the surest mark of real transcendent power—a power which stipulates for no preliminary conditions for its exercise, but works its wonders with whatever it may happen to find. This absence of the arbitrary stamps the master-worker, who in this respect is in every country and in every age the same ; and, like our Shakespeare, and like Dante also, though at first blush this be less apparent ; forging nothing, but building upon ground firm and solid already existing in the minds and belief of the audience. In Homer we find it throughout, but in nothing more conspicuous than where we might least expect to find it,—in his management of what is sometimes called the machinery of the poem, the supernatural part of it. Here the sterling common sense and regard for the probable in the old Greek in common with his countrymen is apparent ; and he that, with large notions of the licence of fiction, comes fresh from reading the Fairy Tales, or that bewitching labyrinth of wonders the Arabian Nights, where enchanters on fiery dragons, and genii are seen contending together,

or dragging reluctant princesses through the air in sight of multitudes, will be mistaken if he expect the gods in the following poem to appear in *propriâ personâ*, in face of all present, and observable by all, as birds would be, flying over their heads. He will meet with nothing of the kind. For nothing occurs to *contradict* the experience of a Greek auditor of the poem, or lead him to think that the order of things had become changed in his time. Throughout the Iliad, so far as the writer's recollection serves, the presence of the gods is concealed from the many, and vouchsafed only to the few. The interposition of the gods in men's affairs, and of contending factions among them, was the common belief of the Greeks; and that some individuals had privilege, more or less frequent, of intercourse with the invisible world, was their common belief also, and, everywhere prevailing, has survived under modified forms as a popular belief to this day. But the gods revealed themselves not indiscriminately, but, in their intercourse with those they favoured, chose to shroud themselves from the common gaze; and the speech of Hermes on discovering himself, and taking leave of Priam at the door of Achilles' tent, may be taken as an authentic expression of the etiquette of Olympus in this respect, when he speaks of the impropriety of a god showing open favour to mortals:—

'Αλλ' ήτοι μὲν ἐγώ πάλιν εἰσομαι, οὐδ' Ἀχιλῆς
'Οφθαλμοὺς εἴσειμι· νεμεσοῦτὸν δέ κεν εἴη,
'Αθάνατον θεὸν ὥδε βροτοὺς ἀγαπαζέμεν ἄνττν.

Il. xxiv. 462-4.

The multitude, indeed, never saw Zeus, nor messenger divine from him, but only his eagle in the air or his lightning in the clouds. Athénè, sent to pacify Achilles, was visible to him only; and on another occasion was to the throng but the herald bespeaking silence to the speech of her favourite Odysseus. And Iris, bringing news of the Achæans' approach, appeared as Polites to the throng of assembled Trojans, though Hector, whom she chiefly addressed, could recognize the goddess in his brother's garb.

The aid of the marvellous was thus obtained without violating a pagan's sense of the probable. By this means, also, with the prerogative that genius hath of converting necessity into a power, a high and glorious order was placed at the poet's disposal, with which to invest those he would exalt, engaging the imagination far beyond all titles, orders, ranks of nobility, or what not, at the command of a modern. The epic heroes were as knights of a glorious investiture, no less than the gift of communion with the gods, from whom also they claimed descent. How enhancing to the heroic character of Achilles, that turning, he knew Athénè straight, so dread the gaze gleamed from her eyes;—evidently not the first time he had seen her! And Odysseus, again, how frequent his interviews with the goddess that he should know her by her voice. (Il. II. 182.) Yea, much and deep converse had been vouchsafed that patient man, of much experience, wise, and the accents of the patron deity were familiar music to his ears.

Such, then, is the faculty of a great poet, that he

converts into a power and a privilege what at first would seem to circumscribe and confine his genius. The restraint is common to all poets of an early period, for all are obliged to work within the circle described by the exigences of the audience ; a circle which those who have found the narrowest have been the least able to fill. But whatever his ability, the circle is one from which no writer of the real epic can escape :—real epic, for it is important to distinguish between what may be termed the real epic, and the artificial. By real it is intended here to designate the composition of a poet contemporary with the subject and manners he handles ; and by artificial, the work of one remote from these, as when he writes an epic of which the manners belong to another age or nation than his own. The Iliad and Odyssey in ancient, and the Nibelungen-Lied and the Cid in modern times, are instances of the genuine epic ; and of the artificial epic examples are furnished in ancient times by the Argonauts of Apollonius, the Æneid of Virgil, and the Thebais of Statius, and in modern times by the Gerusalemme Liberata, and by poems on such subjects as the Leonidas of Glover, King Alfred, King Arthur, and the like.

The term artificial, it will be readily perceived, is not meant in disparagement of the poems so designated, but merely as expressive of a distinction between two very different classes of composition ; and to this distinction it was the more necessary to advert, that what is said, both here and in the notes, on the subject of epic poetry, is utterly inapplicable to the latter class.

The poet in the artificial epic has or assumes a control over the story and conduct of his poem which is utterly denied to the other. He may invent a new story or alter an old one, and keep to the manners of the period he has fixed on, or deviate almost at pleasure, without fear of correction from an audience who know nothing, and care to know nothing more than he chooses to tell them about a story from which, as not appealing to their faith, they expect little beyond the pleasure of the poet's manner of telling it. But with the writer of the genuine epic the case is reversed. He is controlled in the legend, and in the manner of handling it. He is addressing an audience on a subject in which they have a trustful faith, and upon which their knowledge and belief are identical with his own. Upon which, therefore, it is not so much knowledge that they ask at his hands, as the opportunity of having painted out to them in detail, and in lively colours, what they know already, and love full well, and are never weary of hearing about, but wish to dwell on, and linger over in the music of his poetry.

To trace this principle to the extent of its application would exceed the scope of this preface, which is too long already; but the writer cannot refrain from calling attention to what he believes to be intimately connected with it, and equally characteristic of the genuine epic. For one prominent feature in epic treatment is, he thinks, that it not merely tells a thing, but shows it in the doing, and so enters into details quite foreign to the modern handling, which, for the most part, omitting the

process, gives only the result. To take an instance at random. In the account of Achilles, after the assembly met to celebrate the funeral games had dispersed, it would have been quite in accordance with modern treatment, in addition to the other particulars there stated of his grief, to have expressed briefly that he passed a restless night. The epic handling, however, required the restless night to be shown. The poet accordingly describes him as lying sometimes on his side, sometimes on his back, and at other times on his face. Similar instances are too numerous to need quoting. The principle is patent throughout the poem, and governed, consciously or not, its construction as a whole, as well as the arrangement of its parts in detail. To this principle also the obvious dramatic character of the epic is to be ascribed; and its influence on the construction of the poem appears, among other features, in this, that all the incidents directly bearing on the action of the poem are not merely told, but shown, and dramatically played out. For instance, Agamemnon's treatment of Chryses, and the subsequent matter relating to it, down to the restoration of the old priest's daughter, might have been dispatched as briefly at the commencement of the Iliad as it is subsequently disposed of in the summary account of it given by Achilles to his mother. But the epic treatment required it otherwise; and the operation of the principle on the details of the poem has resulted in a minuteness which, contributing to its perfection as a work of art, has rendered the Iliad a clear and complete picture of life and manners of the period;—a picture

which here at this day interests us almost to the full as much as it did those of the poet's own age and country, but on different grounds. We cherish it as an intelligible and picturesque representation of men and manners in times long gone by. They loved it as a vivid reflection of themselves, and all that was familiar and dear to them.

This difference in the grounds of appreciation by modern readers of the poet, as compared with his contemporaries, is worth bearing in mind, because it furnishes a key to the different estimates in the minds of the two, as to the requirements of epic poetry. To a modern, this class of poetry presents itself as something disconnected with, at least, all details of modern life and civilization, which it only approaches in its highest generalization, where ancient and modern life meet on the common ground of human nature. In so far, therefore, as the poem is to be a model of that kind of writing, the notion, plausible, but miserably false, grows on him, that what is familiar is therefore trivial, and below the dignity of the epic, which should deal more in the stately and remote. And this feeling has operated on more than one translator, who, in his endeavours to escape what he considers the trivial, becomes pompous, and disguises plain things in circumlocutions that remind one of the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière, and would, if rendered back into Greek, astonish a resuscitated hero of the time. The result has been curious enough, that such modern translator would seek to strip the poem of that which, to a contemporary, was its highest recommendation,—its familiarity.

And the modern is right in thinking the details of modern life less favourable to the purposes of poetry than the ancient. But it is not from their triviality, their commonness, but because they are not common enough—not of sufficiently general prevalence. The arts, for example, in ancient times, were few and simple, and from the kind of life then existing, comparatively familiar to every one. With us the arts are many, and run into subdivisions so numerous and so complex that the knowledge of them is necessarily restricted to those who practise them. And as each trade and profession does, as compared with ancient times, absorb the whole life of the individual, and preclude him from much knowledge of any other, it follows that a picture of modern life, which should be complete enough to show it in all its phases, would meet with no general appreciation but only in parcels, phase by phase, by the particular persons respectively to whom that phase was familiar. In ancient times, on the contrary, every phase of life was, roundly speaking, reproduced in the person or experience of every individual. The arts, being few and little subdivided, were familiar to many. Hence, we have the character of sovereign, priest, lawgiver and judge, warrior and physician, with a knowledge of the mechanical arts, often in the same person; and the arts were so simple that the details of them, and the characteristics of the professors, were familiar to all. With us the subdivisions are so minute, that in proportion as we grow characteristic in speaking of them, we are withdrawing from the common field of appreciation;

because every man's knowledge is limited to his own art, or the branch of it which he cultivates.

The modern poet, therefore, is more restricted than the ancient in the contributions he would levy on the field of everyday life ; not because the phases it presents are common and trivial, but because they are not common enough, because the knowledge of them is not sufficiently diffused to render the allusions he would make to them of ready apprehension. Homer's simile of the woman at her loom illustrates this. (*Iliad*, xxiii. 760.) He employs it to picture the position of two competitors at a foot-race, and touches the leading features enough to call up the image in the minds of a people familiar with the operation of weaving, but not enough to inform those who are not. And to us, accordingly, at this day, it is one of the obscurest passages in the whole *Iliad*. In Homer's time the process of such weaving as he alludes to was familiar to every one, and a common accomplishment of the females ;—so common, that the possession of it did not seem to have raised the value of the woman at the funeral games to more than four oxen, a price not equalling that of a tripod or cauldron. (*Iliad*, xxiii.) A simile that entered into such details at the present day would be intelligible in Spitalfields, and the like places, but an enigma elsewhere.

After discussing the above topics, it may be expected that something should be said on what is called the Homeric controversy ; upon which the writer is free to state that he is against the German view on almost all points. He is no believer in the self-composition of

poetry, has little faith in partnership manufacture of what the individuals were incapable of, and still less in the ability of a sort of corporate succession to produce anything so complete, so self-coherent, so marvellously transcending all other poetry of those days as the noble epic before us. Accordingly, he believes it to be the single and entire composition of one poet, who lived near the time, and had personal knowledge of the manners of the period to which it refers;—that it was founded, indeed, on previously-existing legends, but no whit less the poet's own in working them up into its present form, than the statue is of the sculptor in bronze, who melts the material that is brought him, and casts it into a form of his own imagining; the legends, without which he could not have wrought, bearing about the same relation to the poem, in point of invention, that the stories of Lear, and Macbeth, and Porta's tale of Romeo and Juliet, bore to Shakespeare's immortal dramas on those subjects, or that his historical plays bear to the actual history. And the contrary belief, the translator ventures to think, will not in the minds of many survive a consecutive, unbiassed, and attentive perusal of the poem itself. But the subject has engaged too large an amount of learning and ability on both sides to be done justice to on an occasion like the present. A partial examination would be unfair, and a full one would require a treatise; and to enter on it is the more unnecessary, that the whole matter has been ably discussed, and the right conclusion triumphantly established in Colonel Mure's admirable work, the His-

tory of the Literature of Greece, in the first volume of which the reader will find, or be referred to, everything he can desire.

Dismissing the general subject, therefore, the writer will yet crave leave to say a word or two on the coherence of the poem itself,—a point upon which he will have to dissent from the view taken by Mr. Grote, whose able, though not indiscriminate support of the heresy, one grudges the more that in him, as in the great Heresiarch Wolff himself, it is combined with a hearty appreciation of the beauty of the poem. And this is more than can be said of some, whose zeal on that side of the question is hot, indeed, but who, for poetic feeling, may rank with Addison's geographer, whose enjoyment of the *Aeneid* lay in tracing the hero's voyage upon the map.

In the writer's opinion the direct and collateral objects of the *Iliad* equally exhibit the consummate skill of its author. Its direct object is to depict the wrath of Achilles, and the consequences of that wrath. Its collateral object is to produce a picture, as complete as the subject admits, of the manners and life of the Achæans; and that epically, *i. e.* as the writer understands it, a picture in which everything is shown in the doing. Notice the features of military life, how varied, and how skilfully introduced! And notice the remarkable omission to exhibit a very prominent feature of that military life, *viz.* a predatory excursion. For predatory expeditions formed so large a part of their military doings that the whole siege of Troy seems to

have been made up of them for the nine years preceding the action of the poem. Why are they omitted here? Because Achilles, the life and soul of those expeditions, and whose prowess in that way enriched the host, is not there to conduct them. His absence entails their cessation, and was one cause, perhaps, of the high dudgeon of the Achæans against Agamemnon for having occasioned the loss of this source of profit: a result to which the concluding sentence of a speech of Achilles in the first book would seem to point:—

οὐδέ σ' οἴω

'Ενθάδ' ἄτιμος ἐών, ἄφενος καὶ πλοῦτον ἀφύξειν.

Il. i. 171, 172.

This would be one reason of no such expedition being described in the Iliad, though so many are alluded to. But another and artistic reason for its omission would be that a predatory expedition, successfully conducted, would only weaken the effect of the absence of Achilles, and so mar the main scope of the poem. For Achilles, in truth, fills the Iliad; and no place is left for even a conjecture that would impair his gigantic dimensions. Everything in the poem moves round him, has reference to him, imperfectly supplies his place while he is absent, and points to and prepares his re-appearance on the scene; of his withdrawal from which observe the artistic importance. How else could his incontestable superiority over his own countrymen have been established, but by their being brought into extremities to which they had never been reduced while he was among them? Despite the authority and military qualities of Agamemnon,

and the prudence of Nestor and Odysseus, seconded by the prowess of Ajax and Diomed; despite the united valour and wisdom of the Achæans, they were brought to the brink of destruction by Hector and the Trojans, who never made head before Achilles left the camp. His absence is the measure of their prevalence. Hector and his host are omnipotent up to the very moment of Achilles relenting, and then the scene is changed. His fancied appearance, when they mistake Patroclus for him, is the first check, from which they only recover on the death of Patroclus, to be again “frighted from their propriety” by the bare appearance of the unarmed hero. And his taking the field again is the signal for flight, redeemed but by individual despairing attempts at a stand, which only enhance his irresistible power. There is no doubt of the prevalence of Hector and his host in the absence of Achilles, and as little of their utter helplessness from the moment of his re-appearance.

The Iliad, indeed, is named of Ilium, but it is not a history of the Trojan war, but a tale of Ilium, a “tale of Troy divine,” presenting a noted but manageable incident which occurred in that war, and has for its subject, what the first line of the original announces, the wrath of Peleus’ son Achilles. And this in the thin grasp of an ordinary poet would have embraced no more, but excluded all else with a rigidity to satisfy the most exacting of the German *discrptores* of the Orphic bard. But the affluence of Homer disdained such meagre handling, and his firm and ample grasp pressed

collateral materials on all sides into his service without, however, relaxing a jot of his main design. And his poem is accordingly before us as some great river fed by a thousand tributary streams that swell the volume of its waters without altering its course. Yea, a river which seems destined to flow and flow for ever, delighting each successive race of men as they flock from all parts in pious pilgrimage to drink at its pure stream in all its original freshness. For on its very banks alone can the music of its flowing be heard, which breaks but fitfully on the ear, and in far-off echoes, faintly caught through any medium like his who now offers the result of his honest endeavours to the reader. But those endeavours will not have been in vain if there be any to whom the following pages shall give a juster notion of Homer than he had before. And should there be any whom their perusal determines on qualifying himself to be as familiar with the *Iliad* in the original as with the *Paradise Lost* in his own native tongue,—an achievement not so difficult if he be but earnest in it,—then will the translator be proud indeed as of the best fruit of his labour that he could have desired. Nor, in putting in for such a result, would he be thought insensible to the claims of the metrical translations we have already in English, and which, for number and variety, should seem to have taken up the ground entirely. But whatever the distinctive feature of excellence in each, according to the point of view from which the original was regarded, the principle of adaptation to English taste and ideas will, he thinks, be found to prevail in them

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all, with a corresponding control over the original beyond what the bare exigence of metre required ; the more scrupulous and undeviating adherence to the letter being relegated to the humbler province of prose translation. It seemed, therefore, that a corner was still open for that which should combine the unambitious fidelity of a prose with the more agreeable medium of a metrical version. How far the present translation may be considered to have supplied the vacancy, it is for the skilled and candid critic to determine.

LONDON,
December 10, 1853.





EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTHOR'S TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD.

THese Extracts, to the extent of them, will, it is hoped, give some notion of the variety to be found in the Iliad. None have been taken from the first book, which is too concatenated to admit of easy separation of suitable passages, though it is, in some respects, as remarkable a book as any of them,—remarkable for the business done in it. It would not be easy to point to a piece of poetry of the length which contains as much matter; and he will do well to con it carefully, who would appreciate the Iliad as a work of art. The whole story grows out of this first book, which, uncoloured by a single simile, spreads like a root, and taking broad and firm grasp of the ground, sustains the whole in all its luxuriance.

As an instance how the sap of it rises into the rest take the following. In the quarrel between Agamemnon and Achilles, which it so dramatically presents, Nestor, in the course of attempting their reconciliation,

unluckily urges on Achilles the higher regal dignity of Agamemnon. And in the ninth book Agamemnon, with some obtuseness, urges the same argument in instructing the ambassadors to the offended chieftain. Nestor had dropped it by this time, and the ambassadors are careful to avoid the topic. But see how it rankled.

In the first book it pointed Achilles' scornful taunt of Agamemnon as a folk-devouring king, and in the ninth book (see Extract 11), in contemptuous refusal of Agamemnon's offers, he recommends him to match his daughters with one of higher regal dignity.

The Notes to the Extracts are, with the exception of the eighth and fourteenth, selected from those to my version of the Iliad, and are referred to by figures in the text.

The Roman numerals designate the number of the stanza, the other figures, the lines of the Greek of which it is a translation.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ILIAD.

I.—THE ACHÆANS ASSEMBLING AND AGAMEMNON'S SPEECH.—Book II. 87-156.

XII. 87-94.

As bees' thick swarms unending issuing
From hollow rock keep coming still anew,
Fly down in clusters on the flowers of spring,
And throng some here, some there a-wing they do.

So these their many tribes outpouring go
From ships and tents, in front the full deep shore
In troops unto th' assembly. Rumour too,
Zeus' herald, kindles 'mong them, urging more
Their going. Now assembled they, and huge uproar

XIII. 95-100.

In that assembly was, and earth did groan
Beneath the people sitting down, and rose
Hubbub confus'd. Nine heralds in loud tone
Call'd out among them there, enjoining those
To still their tumult, and themselves dispose
To hear the Zeus-nurs'd kings. Scarce settle would
The people to their seats, and clamour close.
The ruler Agamemnon then up stood,
His sceptre holding which Hephaistos, skilful god,

XIV. 101-108.

Had made elaborately fashioning.
To Zeus Kronion he the present gave,
Zeus to herald Argicide, and Hermes king,
To Pelops next, that horses skilful drove.
Pelops to Atreus people-shepherd brave,
And Atreus dying left it to his son
Thyestes, that in flocks such wealth did have.
And he to Agamemnon hands it down
With rule o'er many isles, and Argos all upon.

XV. 109-115.

Leaning on this, wing'd words he spake:—“O Friends,¹
“ Danaian heroes, Ares' servitors !
“ Zeus Kronides fell mischief's net extends²
“ Round me, nor cruel heedeth how this jars
“ With what he promis'd erst, that from these wars
“ I should return with Troy's full overthrow,
“ But now plots evil wiles, my fame all mars,
“ And thus disgrac'd to Argos bids me go,
“ When people much I've lost in these our wars laid low.

XVI. 116-125.

“ Nathless so pleases Zeus omnipotent
“ Who many towns' high tops hath prostrate laid,
“ And will yet more, his strength 's so prevalent.
“ Deep shame it were to future times be said,
“ Such and so great Achæan folk array'd
“ Warr'd fruitless war, 'gainst fewer fought in vain.
“ Nor yet there seems an end. For say we made
“ Firm truce, the Trojans and Achæan men,
“ And numb'ring both, chose all in Troy that denizen ;

XVII. 126-133.

“ And we Achæans rang'd in tens, each ten
“ A Trojan had to pour us out the wine,
“ Cup-bearer lack would decades many then.
“ So many more th' Achæans, I opine,
“ Than those the habitants of Troy divine.

“ But they ’ve auxiliars there from many a town,
“ Spear-wielding men, that every effort mine
“ Put quite abroad, nor suffer me to crown
“ My wish, and overthrow fair Ilium’s well-dwelt town.

XVIII. 134-141.

“ Already nine of great Zeus’ years are gone,
“ The wood hath rotted in our ships, and worn
“ The cables be ; while sit our wives alone
“ There with our children in their homes forlorn
“ Expecting us. None issue yet hath borne
“ The work we came for here. But come ye now,
“ What I shall say let ’s hearken every one.
“ Flee with our ships, and to our lov’d land go,
“ Since Troy’s broad-streeted town to take despair we so.”

XIX. 142-148.

He ceas’d. And stirr’d their hearts within them he
Of all that crowd to whom unknown his drift.
Mov’d was th’ assembly like long waves at sea³
Which blust’rous Eurus, and the South-wind lift,
When forth from out Zeus’ clouds down rushing swift
They vex th’ Icarian. Or as some broad field
Of corn on which there comes with sudden rift
The West-wind fierce. The ears t’ his rough breath
yield
Down-bending. Thus th’ assembly mov’d when he appeal’d.

XX. 149-156.

And to their ships they rush with battle cry,
And from beneath their trampling feet anon
The dust uprose, and they all clam'rously
Each other summon loud, lay hold upon
The sable ships, and to the sea drag down.
They clear the grooves. And reach'd the welkin e'en
Their shout home hast'ning. Quick be props with-
drawn.

And now th' Argives' return had surely been
In fate's despite, but spoke to Athenia Herè, queen:—

By the exertions mainly of Odysseus the people are brought back again in a second assembly to consider the question of their stay or departure. In which the popular indignation finds a mouth-piece in Thersites, and the royal authority is supported by Odysseus, as in the next Extract.

II.—THERSITES AND ODYSSEUS.—Book II. 207-335.

XXVII. 207-214.

With princely power the host so marshall'd he.
From ships and tents they to th' assembly pour
With noise. As when the much resounding sea
In surges roars along the wide-stretch'd shore,

And the huge deep far echoeth the roar.
Now seated them, and kept their seats the rest,
Save Thersites, that babbler, aiming more
Disturbance. Stor'd with words and scurril jest,
At kings he carpèd ever with unseemly zest,

XXVIII. 215-222.

Not fitting grave debate, but still his aim
Whate'er he judg'd would raise a laugh among
The Argives. Basest man to Troy that came.
Squinting, of one foot lame, his shoulders slung
Bunch'd on his chest, while from between them sprung
His peakèd head, with scant hair sprinkled thin.
Chief to Achilles and Odysseus clung
His hate. His wont was railing at those men,
But shrieking shrill assail'd he Agamemnon then.

XXIX. 223-231.

For him incens'd at sore and angerèd
In mind th' Achæans were. Out-bawl'd he so,
And railing thus at Agamemnon said:—
“ Atrides, what's amiss? What long'st for now?
“ Thy tents be stuff'd with brass, choice women too
“ Are many there, which when we'd ta'en a town
“ Thee first we gave. For gold still hank'rest thou?
“ Which Trojan bringeth, ransom for his son,
“ Whom I or some Achæan else have dragg'd off bound.

XXX. 232-240.

“ Or some fresh woman wouldest thou for thy lust,
“ Whom singling out thyself thou mayst detain?
“ For ill behoves a chief on woes to thrust
“ Th’ Achæans’ sons. O sluggards, shameful then,
“ Achæan women that ye are, not men!
“ Let’s homeward with our ships, and leave him now
“ In Troy digest his spoils. He’ll find, I ween,
“ If we avail for his defence or no,
“ Who one that tops him far Achilles slighted so.

XXXI. 241-247.

“ His prize he took by force, and holds it too.
“ Lack gall Achilles must, and dullard be,
“ Atrides, else thy last of outrage now
“ Thou hadst achiev’d.” The people’s shepherd he
Did thus revile, when near him suddenly
Odysseus godlike stood, him eyed askance,
And stern rebuk’d:—“ Babbler ill-judg’d, though high
“ In talk thou mouth it, Thersites, at once
“ Desist, and sole contending⁴ with the kings renounce.

XXXII. 248-256.

“ More vile than thou I think is mortal none,
“ Of all to Troy that with Atrides came.
“ Then railing prate not of the kings, nor on
“ Our going back so harp; for of the same

“ To clearly judge as yet we cannot frame
“ If our return for good or ill will be.
“ For this dost thou thy set reproaches aim
“ At people-shepherd Atreus’ son, that we
“ Danaian heroes gifts abundant gave him free ?

XXXIII. 257-264.

“ Sharp-tongued thou art, but this to thee I say,
“ And be perform’d it shall. If raving thee
“ I catch again as now, his head not stay
“ Upon Odysseus’ shoulders then, nor he
“ Sire of Telemachus more callèd be
“ If thee I seize not, and thy clothes, that been
“ Right welcome to thee, strip off totally,
“ Both cloak and coat, and what thy shame should
 screen,
“ And scourg’d hence, send thee howling to the ships
 again.”

XXXIV. 265-273.

He said, and with the sceptre smote his back
And shoulders. Writh’d he while the tears fell fast,
And rose a blood-swell’d tumour on his back
The sceptre golden ’neath. He sits aghast,
Trembles, and smarts, and helpless looks he cast,
And wip’d his tears. They, fuming though they are,
Laugh at him pleasantly. And such words pass’d
From one t’ his neighbour :—“ Sure hath wrought
 things rare
“ Odysseus leading council, or preparing war.

XXXV. 274-282.

“ But 'mong the Argives now best deed of all
“ This scoffing snarler from his jests restrain ;
“ Nor will his courage prick him on to brawl
“ With words opprobrious at the kings again.”
So spake the throng. And that town-queller then
Odysseus rose, with sceptre in his hand.
And at his side Athenè, blue-eyed queen,
In herald's form bade silence and attend,
That first and last th' Achæans' sons might hear, and
rede¹⁴ perpend.

XXXVI. 283-290.

With prudence he harangu'd, and 'mong them spake:—
“ Atrides, thee, O king, th' Achæans would
“ The most disgrac'd of part-voice⁵ mortals make.
“ Nor aught of all their promising make good,
“ Which they from Argos marching said they would ;
“ That thou shouldst back return, but first o'erthrow
“ The well-wall'd Ilium. Quite in other mood,
“ Like children young, and widow'd women now
“ To one another whining, home they long to go.

XXXVII. 291-298.

“ And 'tis a toil, to make the weary sigh
“ And wish return. For one that is away
“ From wife but one poor month abiding nigh
“ His many-bank'd bark chafeth at the stay,

“ When wintry storms and troubled seas delay.
“ To us here biding doth the ninth year turn.
“ Th’ Achæans therefore I not blame if they
“ By curvèd vessels chafe at such sojourn.
“ Yet base to stay so long, and empty then return.

XXXVIII. 299-306.

“ Then bear ye up, my friends, awhile wait yet
“ To see or not if Calchas augur’d true.
“ For well we know, and ye all witness’d it,
“ (Whom wingèd fates of death not with them drew
“ As yesterday or earlier as they flew)
“ What time our ships at Aulis gather’d were,
“ To Priam and the Trojans bearing woe.
“ Around a fountain standing did we there
“ On altars holy to th’ immortal gods prepare

XXXIX. 306-312.

“ Full hecatombs complete beneath the tree,
“ A platane fair, whence lustrous water went
“ Clear running. There a mighty sign we see,
“ A serpent dread, with back all blood-besprent,¹⁶
“ Which to the light Olympius’ self had sent.
“ From ‘neath the altar gliding swift he slid
“ Unto the platane. There in nest y-pent
“ Eight tender things, a sparrow’s younglings, did,
“ Cow’ring beneath the leaves, on topmost bough lie hid.

XL. 313-320.

“ Nine with her young the dam made up the tale.
“ There piteous shrieking these devour'd he down.
“ The mother round and round doth fly, and wail
“ Her younglings dear. He darting swift anon
“ Did catch her by the wing, as she did moan.
“ When ate the dam and young, the god that sent
“ Transfix'd him there a wonder; for to stone
“ Turn'd him craft Kronos' son. And such portent
“ There stood we gazing at, in blank astonishment.

XLI. 321-329.

“ To the gods' hecatombs when thus had come
“ These wonders dread, harangu'd us Calchas straight,
“ The omen thus expounding:—‘ Why grown dumb,
“ Achæans comely-hair'd? This sign of fate
“ Hath here deep counsell'd Zeus vouchsaf'd us late,
“ And late fulfill'd, ne'er die shall its renown.
“ As this the younglings with the dam hath ate,
“ So we for years as many fighting yon
“ Shall be, and in the tenth we take the wide-street
town.’

XLII. 330-335.

“ 'Twas thus he spake. And now fulfilling these
“ All be. Then here, well-shod Achæans all,
“ Abide till Priam's city huge we seize.”
He ceas'd. With loud acclaim the Argives call,

And from the ships all dread the echoes fall,
As loud th' Achæans answer with applause
Divine Odysseus' speech.

III.—THE ACHÆANS' MUSTER.—Book II. 441-483.

LVI. 441-448.

He said. Nor did the king of men refuse,
But bade to war the clear-voic'd heralds call
Th' Achæans of the comely locks profuse.
They call'd, and quickly these assembled all.
The Zeus-fed kings round Atreus' son quick fall
To ranging them: Athenè these among,
And on her arm the ægis huge withal
Unaging, costly, and immortal swung,
From which of gold entire a hundred fringes hung,

LVII. 449-456.

Well-twisted all, each worth a hecatomb.
With this bright beams forth flashing swift she goes
Through folk Achæan urging on to come,
And doth in ev'ry bosom strength arouse
To war and battle on without repose.
To them on th' instant war than homewards wending
In ships unto their lov'd land sweeter grows.
As wasting fire a forest huge unending
On mountain-summits burns, the brightness far out-
sending;

LVIII. 457-465.

So as they went the gleam of wondrous brass
Through air on all sides flashing reach'd the sky.
And as of wingèd birds tribes countless pass,
Of geese, or cranes, or long-neck'd swans that by
Cäyster's streams in Asian meadow fly
Here, there on joyous wings ; the mead with din
Resounds, as 'fore each other settling they
With clang alight ; from ships and tents amain
So pour'd their many tribes upon Scamander's plain.

LIX. 465-473.

With tramp of steeds and men earth dire did ring,
And they stood in Scamander's flow'ry mead
In myriads like the leaves and flowers in spring.
As thronging flies in swarms unnumber'd spread,
And hov'ring round infest the herdsman's shed
In spring, when milk doth wet the pails ; so they
Th' Achæans of the comely tresses did
So num'rous 'gainst the Trojans stand that day
Upon the plain all eager, and intent to slay.

LX. 474-483.

As goat-herds do broad flocks of goats with ease
Asunder part, when in the pasture blent,
For battle so their chieftains sever these.
And 'mong them ruler Agamemnon went,

With eyes and head like Zeus, on thunder bent;
His waist like Ares, with Poseidon's chest.
And as some bull through gather'd herd's extent
Stands chief: Atrides so mid all the rest
Of heroes many Zeus that day made shine the best.

IV.—THE WALL SCENE.—Book III. 146-244.

XVIII. 146-152.

There Priam, Panthus, and Thymoetes were,
Lampus and Clytius, Hicetaon branch of Mars,
Ucalegon, Antenor, prudent pair.
These at the Scaean gates, old counsellors,
Then sat; through age surceasing now from wars,
But orators withal excelling be;
And like cicadas so with them it fares,
That in a wood and sitting on a tree
Do sweetly launch abroad their voice of melody.

XIX. 153-161.

So on the tower there sat those Trojan lords,
Who, seeing Helen tower-ward wending, low
To one another whisp'ring, spake wing'd words:—
“ No blame that Trojans and Achæans so
“ For such a woman bear so long such woe.
“ In face like goddesses immortal she!
“ And yet, though such, i' th' ships back let her go,
“ Nor more to us and ours a mischief be.”
Thus they. And Priam Helen call'd:—“ Come sit by
me,

XX. 162-171.

“ Dear child, thine erst spouse, friends and kindred
see.
“ Not thine the blame ; the gods this thing have done
“ Who brought this sad Achæan war on me.
“ That man now name me, that colossal one,
“ Who 's th' Achiote man so broad-set, ample-grown ?
“ For height there taller be, so comely ne'er
“ Have I with these mine eyes beheld, and none
“ So worshipful. He hath a kingly air.”

Him answer'd she divine of women Helen fair :—

XXI. 171-180.

“ Thee, father dear, I rev'rence, and I dread.
“ Would death I'd chosen dire ere follow'd here
“ Thy son, or e'er forsook my marriage bed,
“ My brethren, child, and youth's companions dear.
“ It might not be, and so I weep and wear
“ My life away. Thine asking tell I thee.
“ Atrides, broad-rule Agamemnon, there
“ Thou seest, good king, and mighty warriors he ;
“ And brother erst of me, the shameless one if e'er
there be.”

XXII. 181-188.

She spake. The sire with wonder saw, and said :—
“ O blest Atrides, happy fate thy share,
“ Thou fortunate, by multitudes obey'd

“ Achæan warriors brave. To Phrygia fair
“ The land of vines I’ve been, and Phrygians there
“ A many seen, steed-driving warriors they.
“ There Otreus’ hosts, and godlike Mygdon’s were,
“ That on Sangarius’ banks encampèd lay ;
“ And I made one with them as their ally the day

XXIII. 189-196.

“ The Amazons came down, that equal men.
“ But with th’ Achæans they compar’d were few.”
The sire Odysseus saw, and ask’d again :—
“ Who this one is, dear daughter, tell me too,
“ His stature seemeth by a head below
“ Atrides Agamemnon, but more broad
“ About the shoulders, and the chest to view,
“ His armour lieth on the fertile sward ;
“ He like a ram keeps pacing through the files his road.

XXIV. 197-285.

“ For him I to a full-fleec’d ram compare,
“ Through flock of white sheep pacing up and down.”
And him then answer’d Zeus-born Helen fair :—
“ Odysseus this, Laertes’ crafty son.
“ Though bred in rugged Ithaca hath known
“ All cunning wiles and subtle counsels he.”
To her then spake Antenor prudent one :—
“ The word thou say’st hath, woman, verity,
“ For here too erst divine Odysseus came for thee

XXV. 206-213.

“ With Menelaus brave, in ambassage.
“ My cherish'd guests were they in mine abode.
“ Of both I scann'd the bent, and counsel sage.
“ When in the Trojans' gath'ring they upstood
“ Then Menelaus tower'd with shoulders broad.
“ But seated both, Odysseus then would be
“ More worshipful. And when 'fore all they would
“ Their speech and purposès set forth, then he,
“ Wight Menelaus, there harangu'd with brevity,

XXVI. 214-220.

“ In fewest words, but sweetly spoken clear.
“ Not wordy, nor of rambling speech, though one
“ Of younger years. But when Odysseus there,
“ Of many wiles, uprose, he'd stand, look down,
“ And stedfast fix his eyes upon the ground,
“ His sceptre neither back nor forwards sway,
“ But motionless would hold, as one astound ;
“ A man that 'neath the power of passion lay,
“ Or some poor ignorant and helpless one you'd say.

XXVII. 221-228.

“ But when the volum'd voice from out his chest
“ He sent, with words like wintry showers of snow,
“ Might with Odysseus then none else contest,
“ Nor e'er as then astound beheld we so

“ Odysseus’ form.” The Sire a third time now
Ask’d seeing Ajax:—“ Who’s that other there,
“ Tall huge Achæan, th’ Argives doth o’ershaw
“ By head and shoulders broad.” Answer’d the Sire
The ample veil’d divine of women Helen fair:—

XXVIII. 229-235.

“ That’s Ajax huge, th’ Achæans’ bulwark he ;
“ And, opposite, Idomeneus there stands
“ Among the Cretans, like a god : and be
“ Around him leaders of the Cretan bands.
“ Our guest, he oft at Menelaus’ hands
“ In our abode had hospitality,
“ When out of Crete he came. Mine eye commands
“ The other dark-eyed Achives all, to me
“ Well known, of whom I could the names rehearse to
thee ;

XXIX. 236-244.

“ But two I see not people-chieftains there,
“ Horse-taming Castor, Pollux boxer skill’d,
“ Own brothers that with me one mother bare.
“ Have they from Lacedæmon sweet not sail’d,
“ Or, in sea-pacing ships though come, have fail’d
“ Amid the array of warriors now to stand
“ Through dread of ignominy mine repell’d ?”
Thus she. But them had give-life earth detain’d
Ere then in Lacedæmon, yea, their lov’d and native land.

V.—A BATTLE.—Book IV. 419-472.

L. 419-426.

He said, and from his car leap'd full arm'd down.
As stirr'd the King the brass about his breast
Rang dread. Fear might have seiz'd the stoutest
one.

As on the sounding shore the sea-swell, prest
By rough imperious blowing of the West,
Doth rushing on upstirr'd together crowd,
And on the deep at first uplift its crest,
Then bursting on the strand it roareth loud,
Swells 'bove the peakèd rocks, and sea-foam flings
abroad;

LI. 427-435.

So stirr'd successive th' Achive bands to war
Unceasingly. Each chief exhorts his own,
The rest in silence went. Think would you ne'er
Such folk with gift of speech were moving on.
Silent they heed their chiefs. Round all outshone
The varied arms they marchèd clad withal.
The Trojans e'en as sheep of wealthy one,
That countless stand a-milking in the stall,
Incessant bleating as they hear their lambkins call ;

LII. 436-445.

So through that army broad the Trojans' din
Arose. Not like from all, nor one the cry,

But tongues confus'd ; from many lands the men.
These Ares urg'd, those Pallas Azure-eye,
Fear, Flight, and Discord raging quenchlessly,
Man-slaught'ring Ares' comrade-sister, who
Crests small at first, anon with head i' th' sky
She walks the earth. She then did 'twixt them throw
Fell strife, and pac'd the throng, to men augmenting
woe.

LIII. 446-455.

When these then rushing on in one place met
Then shields, and spears, and might of mail-clad men
Together dash'd, and bossy bucklers set
Against each other hurtled. Rose the din
And shout, and moan, of slaying and of slain,
And earth ran blood. As torrents rushing down
The hills their headlong flood do mid-vale join
In hollow bed, from mighty flowings grown;
Afar the shepherd in the mountains hears the soun; ¹⁴

LIV. 456-464.

Of these, so joining fight, rose shout and dread.
Antilochus first slew a front-rank one,
Trojan Echèpolus Thalysiade.
His horse-hair helmet crest he smote, and on
His brow infix'd. And piercèd through the bone
The spear-point brazen. Darkness veil'd his eyes.
He fell i' th' fight, as when a tower comes down.
Him fallen did by th' feet Elphenor seize,
The brave Abantes' chief, Chalcodontiades.

LV. 465-472.

Past reach of darts fain dragg'd him off had he,
To strip his arms. But brief was his career.
Him dragging corse did brave Agenor see,
And, as he stoop'd, his side, which did appear
Beyond the shield, he smote with brazen spear,
And loos'd his limbs. His soul then fled, and 'gan
Around him there encounter sad, severe,
Of Trojans and Achæans. Rushing ran
On one another they like wolves, man overturning man.

VI.—HERE AND ATHENE.—Book v. 722-786.

LXXXIV. 722-730.

Soon Hebè to the car the curv'd wheels set
Of brass, eight-spok'd, at th' iron axle's ends,
The felloe gold unwearing. Over that
The brass tire, wond'rous sight, well-fitting bends,
And naves of silver also on both hands ;
By gold and silver thongs the seat was hung ;
Each side the car a rim half-circling wends ;
And from it forth the pole of silver sprung ;
And on the end of this the fair gold yoke she strung.

LXXXV. 731-739.

The yoke-thongs golden, fair, she cast therein ;
Herè neath yoke the swift-foot horses led,
All eager she for strife and battle-din.
Athenè, ægis-arm'd Zeus' daughter dread,

Her veil upon her father's pavement shed,
Rich varied veil herself with hands had done.
And she, in drive-cloud Zeus' own tunic clad,
For fell war arm'd, and did her shoulders don
With fringed ægis dread, that Terror round y-ronne.

LXXXVI. 740-748.

There Strife, and Strength, chill-fear Pursuit therein,
There too the Gorgon-head of Monster dire,
Fearful, horrific, ægis-arm'd Zeus' sign.
Her head did golden four-con'd helm attire,
That hundred cities' foot would scarce require.⁶
I' th' gleaming car she stepp'd, and seiz'd a spear
Huge, pond'rous, strong, which she, the child of
mighty sire,
Smites heroes' ranks with, have offended her.
And Herè prompt with whip now set the steeds astir.

LXXXVII. 749-757.

Heav'n-gates self-moving sound, which th' Hours do
keep,
Whose charge Olympus, and the ample sky,
And theirs to ope or shut the dense cloud deep.
That way through these their goaded steeds they ply.
Zeus found they seated, from the gods away,
On many-neck'd Olympus' highest peak.
There white-arm'd Herè did the coursers stay,
And question'd Zeus supreme, and thus she spake:—
“ Sire Zeus, not anger'd art that Ares should such havoc
make ?

LXXXVIII. 758-766.

“ He hath such folk Achæan causeless slain
“ Unseemly ! Grief to me. Delighted, though,
“ Cypris, and silver-bow Apollo been,
“ Who've stirr'd this madman, that no laws doth
 know.
“ Sire Zeus, wilt thou be wroth if Ares now,
“ Severely smitten, I from fight expel ?”
Cloud-gath'ring Zeus made answer :—“ To it thou,
“ But set Athenè Spoiler on as well,
“ Who chief is wont to bring upon him tortures fell.”

LXXXIX. 767-776.

He said. And white-arm'd Herè did comply,
And whipp'd the steeds that unreluctant flew
Midway between the earth and starry sky.
What space in air a man with eyes might view
On vantage-rock the dark deep looking to,
Leap'd at a bound th' immortals' steeds resounding.
When Troy they reach'd and flowing rivers two,
Simois and Scamander, streams confounding,
There Herè halting loos'd the steeds, with clouds sur-
rounding.

XC. 777-786.

Them Simois ambrosial food up-sent.
The goddesses like timid doves a-wing
To aid the Argive warriors eager went.
But when their course did them to th'close ranks bring,
That, num'rous, brave, the tame-steed Diomed enring,

And like to fierce devouring lions be,
Or boars, whose strength's, in sooth, no feeble thing,
There standing Herè shouts, in guise of Stentor she,
Huge brazen-voic'd, no fifty men could shout as he.

VII.—GLAUCUS AND DIOMED.—Book VI. 119-136.

Hippolochus' fair offspring, Glaucus hight,
And Tydeus' son 'twixt hosts encounter'd, bent on fight.

XV. 121-129.

When towards each other coursing near'd they, then
The first spake Diomed, of war-cry clear:—²⁴
“ Who, valiant one, art thou of mortal men ?
“ In man-ennobling fight I've seen thee ne'er
“ Before. But now thou all precedest here
“ In courage, thus my long-shade spear t' aby'e.
“ For hapless they whose sons²⁵ my strength come near.
“ But if immortal thou, hast from the sky
“ Come down, sky-dwelling gods contend with would
 not I.

XVI. 130-136.

“ Not Dryas' son, indeed, Lycurgus stout,
“ Lived long, who strove with heavenly gods, and who
“ Did frantic Dionysus' nurses rout,
“ And on the sacred Nysa erst pursue.
“ They all to th' ground at once their thyrses threw,
“ Sore beaten by Lycurgus homicide
“ With ox-goad ruthless. Dionysus flew
“ Affrighted plunging in the salt sea-tide,
“ And Thetis to her breast receiv'd him terrified,

XVII. 137-144.

“ Such tremor seiz'd him at the man's rebuke,
“ With whom then th' easy living gods were wroth.
“ The son of Kronos him with blindness strook.
“ Nor long thereafter lasted he, in troth,
“ When all the gods immortal him 'gan loathe.
“ So fight the blissful gods I would not fain.
“ But if of mortals thou, that eat in sooth
“ Earth's fruit, draw near, the sooner death t' attain.”
Hippolochus' bright son him answer'd thus again:—

XVIII. 145-153.

“ High-soul'd Tydides, why enquire my race ?
“ For as of leaves¹⁵ the race of men is so.
“ Wind sheds the leaves, and others in their place
“ The budding wood puts forth, in spring-tide grow.
“ And so men's race ; for this doth spring, that cease
 and go.
“ But wouldest thou learn these things, that thou mayst
 ken
“ Our lineage well, which many men do know.
“ Ephyra's town lies Argos' gulf within ;
“ There Sisyphus did dwell, the craftiest of men,

XIX. 154-162.

“ Sisyphus Æolide, who Glaucus 'gat.
“ And Glaucus 'gat renown'd Bellerophon,
“ Whom beauty, manliness engaging sweet,

“ The gods vouchsaf’d. Ill towards him brood anon
“ Did Prætus, who expell’d him from his town
“ (The Argives’ chief, for them t’ his sceptre Zeus
 subdued).
“ Anteia Prætus’ wife had with this one
“ Enamour’d lain, but ne’er persuade she could
“ Bellerophon the wise, with goodly thoughts endued.

XX. 163-171.

“ She spake to sovran Prætus lyingly :—
“ ‘ Die, Prætus thou, or slay Bellerophon,
“ Who would against my will have lain with me.’
“ She said, and hot wrath seiz’d the King thereon.
“ To slay he shunn’d, from this he shrank, but on
“ To Lycia him with fatal letters sped,
“ Fell things in folded tablets he’d writ down
“ To Anteia’s sire bade show to have him dead,
“ But he to Lycia went, by th’ gods’ high conduct led.

XXI. 172-179.

“ When he to Lycia came, and Xanthus’ waters,
“ Broad Lycia’s king receiv’d him joyously.
“ For nine dàys feasts him, oxen nine he slaughter’d.
“ When peer’d rose-finger’d morn the tenth doth he
“ Then question him, his missives ask to see,
“ Whate’er for him he from king Prætus may,
“ His son-in-law, have brought. When ta’en had he
“ The fatal tablets, first he bade straightway
“ He should Chimæra the unconquerable slay.

XXII. 180-188.

“ Of race not human she, celestial, dire.
“ Lion-front, snake behind, she-goat mid-way,
“ Out-breathing dreadful force of flaming fire.
“ Yet her did he, the gods' signs trusting, slay.
“ And next he fought the famous Solymi,
“ Severest fight, he said, 'mong men he'd had.
“ Then slew the man-like Amazons. His way
“ From whence they set with crafty snare beside,
“ Ambush of men pick'd out, the best of Lycia wide.

XXIII. 189-197.

“ These homeward ne'er return'd again, for slew
“ Them all renown'd Bellerophon the brave.
“ When him the king for god-sprung, valiant, knew,
“ Him kept he there, and eke his daughter gave,
“ And also half his kingdom's honor grave.
“ The Lycians too of land the largest share,
“ Vine-land and tilth, his portion set to have.
“ She to Bellerophon three children bare,
“ Isander, and Hippolochus, Laodamia fair.

XXIV. 198-206.

“ (Laodamia Zeus th' all-wise did bed.
“ She bare Sarpedon, godlike warrior-one.)
“ When hate Bellerophon⁷ the gods all did,
“ About th' Aleian plain he wander'd lone,

“ And paths of men did broken-hearted shun.
“ His son Isander was by Ares slain
“ Fighting the Solymi, of high renown.
“ Smote her wroth Artemis, of golden-rein.
“ Hippolochus 'gat me, from him I me maintain.

XXV. 207-215.

“ To Troy he sent me, much on me impress'd
“ To bear me well, excelling others e'er,
“ Nor shame my father's race, who far the best
“ Both in Ephyra, and broad Lycia were.
“ And such my race, and blood I here declare.”
He spake. Rejoic'd the war-cry Diomed,
And in the fruitful earth he thrust his spear,
And honied words to th' people-shepherd said:—
“ My guest hereditary thou of old indeed.

XXVI. 216-223.

“ For godlike Æneus erst did entertain
“ Renown'd Bellerophon in 's mansion fair
“ As guest, and him for twenty days detain.
“ And guest-gifts gave they one another there.
“ Æneus a girdle gave of purple rare,
“ Bellerophon a gold-cup bodied twain.
“ Him⁸ did I leave at home, and here repair,
“ Nor Tydeus call to mind, who left me then
“ A child, when were at Thebes the folk Achæan slain.

XXVII. 224-229.

“ So now to thee am I thine host and friend
“ In middle Argos, and the same to me
“ In Lycia thou, when to that folk I wend.
“ With spears then and in general fight will we
“ Each other shun : for Trojans many be,
“ And eke far-call'd allies, that kill I may
“ Whomso a-foot I overrun, or me
“ The deity vouchsafes put in my way ;
“ For thee Achæans many too that thou mayst slay.

XXVIII. 230-236.

“ But come let 's interchange of armour make
“ That these too here may know we boast to be
“ Hereditary guests.” Thus then they spake.
And from their steeds²⁶ they sprang all eagerly,
And seiz'd each other's hands, and pledg'd them they
Their faith. And then Zeus Kronides divine
From Glaucus did all prudence take away ;
Armour to change with Diomed incline,
The gold for brazen, hundred oxen's-worth for nine.

VIII.—HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.—Book vi.

369-502.

XLV. 369-377.

This said, helm-glancing Hector went away.
His house soon reach'd he, where to dwell is good,
But found not there white-arm'd Andromachè.

With babe and well-veil'd nurse, in saddest mood,
Wailing, and weeping on the tower she stood.
Hector, when found he not his faultless spouse,
Fro' th' threshold ask'd the maids ere thence he
yode :—
“ To me, now, maidens, truthfully disclose
“ Where went white-arm'd Andromachè from out the
house ?

XLVI. 378-385.

“ To either of my sisters did she go,
“ Or brothers' well-veil'd wives, or temple high
“ Of great Athenia, where the dread power now
“ The other fair-tress'd Trojans pacify ?”
The thrifty stewardess did thus reply :—
“ Hector, since utter truth thou 'st strictly bade,
“ Nor sisters, nor thy brothers' wives, nor high
“ Athenia's temple hath she visited,
“ Where other fair-tress'd Trojans sooth the goddess dread.

XLVII. 386-395.

“ To Ilium's tower she went, for she had heard
“ The Trojans worsted, th' Achives' strength was high.
“ Like one distraught unto the wall she skirr'd,¹⁴
“ The nurse too bare the child.” She said, and fly
From house did Hector back the self-same way,
Down the fair streets. When through the huge town he
Drew near the Scæan gates, through which y-lay
The road to th' plain, came running towards him she
His rich-dower'd wife, Eëtion's child Andromachè.

XLVIII. 396-403.

Eëtion did 'neath woody Placus house
In Hypoplacian Thebes, Cilicians' king.
His daughter brass-arm'd Hector did espouse.
Him met then she ; her servant following
With babe on breast, the tender speechless thing,
Sole child of Hector, like a lovely star.
Hector Scamandrius, but " City's King,"⁹
Astyanax, the others styl'd him e'er,
For sole defended Ilium Hector's guardian care.

XLIX. 404-412.

Smil'd Hector on his child with silent look,
And weeping near him stood Andromachè,
And clung t'his hand, and call'd by name, and spoke :—
“ Too bold ! undo thee will thy bravery
“ That pitiest not thy babe, nor hapless me,
“ Who of thee soon shall widow'd be ; for soon
“ Th' Achæans rushing all will slaughter thee.
“ But wanting thee 'twere best to th' grave go down,
“ No comfort's left if thou shouldst die, but woes alone.

L. 413-420.

“ No father now, nor mother dear have I.
“ Achilles slew my sire, and overthrew
“ Tall-gated Thebes, the pop'lous city high
“ Of the Cilicians, and Eëtion slew,

“ But not of arms despoil’d ; for this to do
“ He had in awe, but burnt him clad in these
“ His dædal arms, and mound upon him threw.
“ The Nymphs around it planted elms, fair trees,
“ Those ægis-arm’d Zeus’ daughters th’ Orestiades.

LI. 421-428.

“ The seven brothers mine i’ th’ palace too,
“ They all in one day went to Hades deep :
“ For all swift-foot, divine, Achilles slew,
“ Tending the trail-foot beeves, and snow-white sheep.
“ My mother, though, who reignèd in the steep
“ Wood-crown’d Hypoplacus, when he’d away,
“ With other spoil, brought here, he did not keep,
“ But freed, when they did ample ransom pay.
“ Her at her sire’s shaft-loving Artemis did slay.

LII. 429-437.

“ But Hector thou, both father, mother dear,
“ And brother, art to me, thou husband mine.
“ Take pity then, and in this tower stay here,
“ Nor orphan make thy child, nor wife to pine
“ In widowhood. By th’ fig-tree bid remain
“ The folk, where easiest mount the wall and town.
“ There thrice th’ Achæans’ chiefs, th’ Ajaces twain
“ Have tried, Idomeneus of high renown,
“ The two Atrides there, and Tydeus’ high-soul’d son.

LIII. 438-446.

“ Be ‘t some one skill’d in oracles hath told,
“ Or their own mind inspiring them hath led.”
Her answer’d huge helm-glancing Hector bold:—
“ All these I’ve thought of, wife, but much indeed
“ The Trojans, and their long-veil’d wives I dread
“ If coward like I turn from war aside.
“ Nor prompts me so my soul, aye turtorèd
“ T’ excell, and ‘mong the foremost fighting bide,
“ My sire’s high fame asserting, and mine own beside.

LIV. 447-455.

“ For well I know in mind and spirit clear,
“ The day will be shall Ilium overthrow,
“ Priam, and Priam’s folk of th’ ashen spear.
“ But grieves me not the Trojans’ future woe,
“ Not Hecuba’s, nor sovereign Priam’s so,
“ Nor of my many valiant brethren, yea,
“ (Who ’ll fall i’ th’ dust by foemen’s hands laid low,)
“ As thine, when brass-clad Achives thee away
“ Sore weeping drag, and from thee take thy freedom’s
day.

LV. 456-463.

“ In Argos thou wilt weave at other’s hest,
“ And from Messëis or Hyperia bear
“ Water unwillingly in sooth, opprest
“ By sore compulsion thou. And then declare

“ Will one, the while he sees thee weeping there,
“ ‘Tis Hector’s wife. *He did in fight outdo*
“ *The tame-steed Trojans, when they fighting were*
“ *At Ilium.*’ Thus he’ll say, thy sorrow too,
“ For such a man to end thy servile day, renew.

LVI. 464-470.

“ But me then dead may earth upheapèd hide
“ Or e’er the cry of thee being torn away
“ I hear.” When radiant Hector thus had said
He held his arms out there to take his boy,
But back t’ its nurse’s bosom with a cry
The infant shrank, from th’ aspect dire to hide
Of father dear. The brass and, cresting high,
The bushy horse-hair plume him terrified,
That from the helmet’s summit nodding dread he spied.

LVII. 471-478.

His sire and honor’d mother laugh’d. And straight
Bright Hector took from ’s head the helm, and laid
It there upon the ground, all glist’ring bright.
And he himself, when kiss’d his child, and sway’d
Him dandling in his hands awhile, then pray’d
To Zeus, and other gods thus speaking:—“ Deign,
“ O Zeus, and you ye other gods beside,
“ That this my son the Trojans all outshine,
“ As I, like valiant, and in Ilium strongly reign.

LVIII. 479-485.

“ And grant that men of him hereafter say,
“ ‘ *Far braver than his father this one here,*’
“ As him from war return they see one day
“ With slaughter’d foemen’s bloody spoils appear,
“ Rejoicing so in heart his mother dear.”
He said, and child t’ his wife’s hands gave, who him
T’ her fragrant breast receiv’d and laugh’d so drear.
Her spouse who saw had pity of the same,
And sooth’d her with his hand, and spake, and call’d by
name:—

LIX. 486-493.

“ My friend, grieve not in soul too sore. For me,
“ Against my fate, to Hades premature
“ Will no man send. For from the destiny
“ He ’s born to first, of mortal men, be sure,
“ Coward, or brave, can none escape procure.
“ But now go home, and there applying thee
“ To thine own tasks, the web and distaff, o’er
“ Thy maids preside, and to their labours see.
“ War’s all men’s business born in Troy, and chief of
me.”

LX. 494-502.

When thus he’d said, the radiant Hector took
His horse-hair crested helm. His dear lov’d spouse
Then homewards went, and often turn’d to look,
And tears abundant shed. And soon she goes

Where Hector homicide's fair dwelling rose;
There found her maids, and wail with all up-ta'en
They mourn'd yet living Hector in his house;
For from the war they thought he'd ne'er again
Return, nor 'scape th' Achæans' strength and hands un-
slain.

IX.—COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.—Book VII.

161-312.

XX. 161-167.

Thus chode the Sire. Rose champions nine. But far
The first rose Agamemnon, king of men;
Brave Diomed Tydides next, and then
The two Ajaces rose, in valor clad.
Idomeneus came next, with him his friend
Great Merion, match for slay-man Ares dread.
Eurypylus, Evæmon's son, then followèd.

XXI. 168-175.

And up rose Thoas there, Andræmon's son,
Godlike Odysseus eke; for they did all
Desire to combat Hector godlike one.
Gerenian horseman Nestor spake withal:—
“ Now draw ye lots, and see to whom 'twill fall.
“ For profit will th' Achæans well-greav'd he
“ And profit too his soul, if 'scape he shall
“ From raging fight and dire hostility.”
He said. And they each one his lot mark'd speedily.

XXII. 176-183.

The lots they threw in Agamemnon's casque.
The folk all hung suspense, and lifting high
Unto the gods their hands, thus one would ask,
With upturn'd gaze towards the ample sky :—
“ Sire Zeus, vouchsafe the lot on Ajax lie,
“ Or Tydeus' son, or else the very king
“ Himself of rich Mycenæ.” Thus said they.
Gerenian Nestor shook the helm. The thing
They wish'd for, Ajax' lot, did from the helmet spring.

XXIII. 183-191.

A herald took the sign that throng all through,
And show'd th' Achæan chiefs in order right.
They each disclaim'd the sign that neither knew,
But through the throng when reach'd he him did write,
And in the helmet cast it, Ajax bright,
His hand he stretch'd. Did in it herald throw
The sign. He knew it straight with soul's delight,
And cast it at his feet, and spake then so :—
“ O friends ! this lot is mine, in soul rejoice I now,

XXIV. 192-200.

“ For Hector brave I think t' o'erthrow this day.
“ But come now, while my warlike arms I don,
“ Do ye to sovran Jove Saturnius pray
“ In silence, so as not of Trojans known,

“ Or e'en aloud, since fear we soothly none.
“ For none by force me 'gainst my will shall move,
“ Nor my unskill. Methinks I was not born
“ Or bred in Salamis so dull to prove.”
He said, and they then pray'd Saturnian sovran Jove.

XXV. 201-209.

And thus one spake, and ey'd the blue sky broad:—
“ Sire Zeus, from Ida ruling, glorious, great!
“ Grant Ajax vict'ry win, and brightest laud,
“ But Hector if thou love and care for, yet
“ An equal strength to both and glory set.”
Thus spake they. Ajax arm'd in glist'ring brass.
When 'bout him donn'd his armour every whit,
He mov'd him then as Ares huge doth pass,
That war-wards goes 'mong men, whom made Kronion
has

XXVI. 210-218.

In soul-consuming strife's high rage contend.
Such Ajax mov'd immense, th' Achæans' wall,
And smil'd with aspect dire, and he did wend
With feet beneath him striding long, his tall
Spear brandishing. And him the Argives all
Exceeding glad beheld, while shaking fear
Did on the limbs of ev'ry Trojan fall.
E'en Hector's soul then quail'd. But draw back there,
Or fly t' his people, might not he the challenger.

XXVII. 219-227.

And onward Ajax came with tower-like shield
Of brass, compact of sev'n bulls' hides, that had
Erst Tychius wrought, who arm'fers all excell'd,
And dwelt in Hyla. Variegate he made
The shield. Se'en folds of fat bulls' hides, o'erlaid
With brass the eighth. This bearing 'fore his breast
Near Hector Ajax stood, and threat'ning said:—
“ Now Hector, man to man, thou'l have some taste
“ What the Danaians' chief ones are, next him our best,

XXVIII. 228-236.

“ Achilles lion-heart, rank-shatt'rer,¹⁶ who
“ In crook'd sea-pacing ships lies raging high
“ 'Gainst Agamemnon people-shepherd now.
“ But we be men withal to meet thee, aye
“ And many such we have, would thee abyne.
“ But fight and war begin.” Him answer'd there
Huge glance-helm Hector:—“ Zeus-sprung Ajax, try
“ Not me, thou Telamonian folk-prince rare,
“ As if weak boy, or woman, new to war I were.

XXIX. 237-244.

“ For well I know of fight, and slaughter too;
“ I know at right, I know at left to wield
“ The tann'd-hide shield, and fight untir'd. I know
“ In standing fight sound Ares' pace a-field;

“ My chariot mounting too in battling skill’d
“ Of horses fleet am I. But loth I were,
“ Such as thou art, by privy watch t’ have quell’d
“ Thee here by cunning sleight, smit unaware,
“ But openly if that I may.” He said, and there

XXX. 245-252.

His long-shade spear round brandishing he sent,
And smote on Ajax’ dreadful sev’n-fold shield.
The outside brass that was the eighth it hent,¹⁴
And through six folds its course resistless held
The raging lance, but was at se’enth repell’d.
Next Zeus-sprung Ajax hurl’d the long-shade spear,
And smote Priamides’ round orbèd shield,
And through the buckler bright the strong spear there
Did penetrate, and drove through dædal cuirass fair.

XXXI. 253-261.

And on by th’ groin the spear his vest cut through.
He stoop’d, and so black death escap’d. The twain
Together both their lengthy spears outdrew,
And, like devouring lions, then amain,
Or boars of no mean strength, fell-to again.
Priamides his mid-shield smote with spear.
The spear-point blunted, nor the brass broke in.
And Ajax leaping, struck his shield, and sheer
The lance went through, and him on-rushing smote
severe.

XXXII. 262-270.

It pierc'd his neck. The black blood forth did spout.
Not glance-helm Hector did from fight refrain,
But, stepping back, a stone in strong hand stout
He took, that black, rough, huge, lay on the plain.
Ajax' dire se'en-fold shield therewith amain
Mid-boss he smote. The brass about it rung.
And Ajax then a huger stone up-ta'en
Round whirl'd with all his strength gigantic flung,
And smash'd his shield, this mill-stone missile hurling
strong.

XXXIII. 271-278.

With knees y-bruis'd outstretch'd supine he lay
Grasping his shield. Him Phœbus rais'd again.
And now with swords at close-hand fought had they
Had not those messengers of Zeus and men,
The heralds there, quick interposèd then.
The Trojans' one, one th' Achives' brazen clad,
Talthybius, and Idæus, prudent twain,
Betwixt them both their sceptres held. Then said
Herald Idæus, knowing well of prudent rede:¹⁴—

XXXIV. 279-287.

“ No more, dear sons, contend, nor battle mo',
“ For both cloud-gath'ring Zeus loves equally,
“ And warriors both ye are, we all do know.
“ But night 's at hand, 'tis good ye night obey.”

To him did Telamonian Ajax say:—

“ Idæus, bid thou Hector this express,
“ For he our chiefest challengèd this day.
“ Let him begin, he ceasing, I'll no less.”

Him answ'ring then helm-glancing Hectordid address:—

XXXV. 288-295.

“ Ajax, since thee the god gave stature, might,
“ And sense, nor match at spear th' Achæans thee,
“ Now let us cease from enmity and fight
“ To-day. Hereafter fight till deity
“ Shall separate us, and the victory
“ To one vouchsafe. But draws already near
“ The night, and good it is we night obey.
“ So thou by th' ships wilt all Achæans cheer,
“ And chiefly those that be thy friends, and comrades
 dear;

XXXVI. 296-304.

“ And I at sovereign Priam's mighty town
“ Shall Trojans and their long-veil'd consorts cheer,
“ Who will to th' fane to pray for me have gone.
“ Come, gifts then give we one another fair,
“ That Trojans and Achæans may declare,
“ ‘ *In soul-consuming strife y-battled they,*
“ ‘ *And, reconcil'd in friendship, parted there.'* ”
This said, gave falchion silver-studded he,
With scabbard, and with baldric wroughten curiously.

XXXVII. 305-312.

A girdle Ajax gave with purple bright.
They parting,¹⁷ this to the Achæan throng,
And that to th' Trojans' went, who with delight
Beheld him live and sound there pace along,
From Ajax' force and hands resistless strong
Escap'd. To th' city led him they, that ne'er
Expected him in safety them among.
With Ajax, proud of vict'ry, th' Achives there
Well-greav'd to godlike Agamemnon straight repair.

X.—HECTOR AND THE TROJANS' BIVOUAC.—

Book VIII. 487-561.

LX. 487-495.

Unwish'd of Trojans sank the light, but glad
To th' Argives came thrice welcome pitchy night.
Apart from ships to whirling river led
Were Trojans then, conven'd by Hector bright,
Where clear of dead a space. They there alight
From off their steeds, and Hector speaking hear.
Th' eleven-cubit lance he held, and bright
The brass head 'fore him gleamèd of the spear,
And round it shining ran the golden circlet clear.

LXI. 496-504.

On this he leant and spake wing'd words withal :—
“ Hear Trojans, Dardans, and allies ! E'en now
“ The ships destroy'd and the Achæans all,

“ Methought I should to gusty Ilium go ;
“ But darkness first hath come, and rescued so
“ Argives and ships on fretted marge of sea.
“ To sable night let’s now obedience show,
“ Our meal prepare, and from the chariots free
“ The fair-man’d steeds, and fling them food abundantly.

LXII. 505-512.

“ Fetch from the city oxen and fat sheep
“ With speed, and gladd’ning wine, and bread too bring
“ From home, and store of wood abundant heap.
“ For through the night till morn, dawn’s daughter,
 spring
“ Full many fires we’ll burn that shall up-fling
“ Their lustre to the sky, lest during night
“ Th’ Achæans comely hair’d endeavouring
“ Do o’er the sea’s broad backs direct their flight.
“ See they their barks not mount in peace nor scathless
 quite,

LXIII. 513-521.

“ But each with wounds at home to look-to go,
“ With arrow smitten, or with keen-edg’d spear,
“ As on his ship he leaps. May others so
“ To bring war woful melancholy here
“ On us steed-taming Trojan warriors fear.
“ Let Zeus-lov’d heralds order through the town
“ The beardless youths, and hoary elders there
“ About the city watch the towers upon,
“ And women in their dwellings burn huge fire each one.

LXIV. 522-529.

“ Let constant guard be kept, for fear the town
“ Some ambush enter, while the folk away.
“ Be 't as I've said, ye high-soul'd Trojans, done.
“ And now I've spoke what fitting was to-day ;
“ What fits the morn I'll 'mong the Trojans say.
“ Zeus and the gods I trustful pray to sweep
“ From hence these fate-conducted hounds away,
“ Whom fates in sable ships brought o'er the deep.
“ But we by night ourselves with watchful guard will
 keep.

LXV. 530-538.

“ By morrow's dawn we will, full harnessèd,
“ At th' hollow ships fierce battle rouse. I'll see
“ If Tydeus' son, the mighty Diomed,
“ Will thrust me from the ships, or whether slay
“ Himself I shall with spear, and bear away
“ The blood-stain'd spoils. His valor morn will try,
“ If he my coming spear abiding stay.
“ But 'mong the first, methinks, he'll wounded lie
“ With many comrades round, when sun-rise lights the
 sky.

LXVI. 539-548.

“ Would that immortal, and from old age free,
“ With honor such as men t' Apollo show

" Or Pallas, I in sooth might honor'd be
" So sure as day will bring the Argives woe."
He said. The Trojans shout applause. And now
The sweating steeds unyoking, each before
His chariot tied. From town they bring not slow
Sheep, oxen, wine, and bread, and gather store
Of wood. The scent from earth to sky the winds up-
bore.

LXVII. 549-555.

Elate on bridge¹⁰ of war so sat they down
All night, and fires a many kindled there.
As in the sky when round the glist'ring moon
The stars in all their loveliness appear,
And no wind stirs, apparent all and clear
The watch towers, mountain-peaks, and thickets
been,
And over-head th' unfathomable air
Opes wide, and all the countless stars are seen,
And in his heart the shepherd joyeth at the scene;

LXVIII. 556-561.

In number so the Trojan fires, between
The ships and Xanthus' streams, 'fore Ilium seem.
A thousand fires were burning through the plain ;
By each sat fifty in the blazing gleam.
The steeds white barley champ and oaten grain,
And nigh the chariots, waiting well-thron'd morn, re-
main.

XI.—THE AMBASSAGE TO ACHILLES.—Book IX.

185-429.

XXII. 185-192.

Myrmidons' tents and vessels reach'd they find
Him there, his soul delighting with the lyre
Sonorous, lovely, cunning-wrought, and join'd
With silver yoke. This from the spoils whilere
He took when sack'd Eëtion's city fair.
So sooth'd his mind, and sang men's glorious deeds.
Patroclus sole sat silent list'ning there
Until Pelides end his song. Proceeds
The embassage, the way godlike Odysseus leads.

XXIII. 193-201.

They 'fore him stood. Achilles with surprise
Up-sprang, with lyre in hand, and left his seat.
Patroclus too, when seen the men, did rise.
Swift-foot Achilles speaking them did greet:—
“ All welcome, friends ! Some need hath you beset
“ Whom I, though wroth, of Achives hold most dear.”
So brought them in Achilles swift of feet,
On couches plac'd, and purple carpet-gear.
Then quick address'd Patroclus, who was standing
near:—

XXIV. 202-210.

“ A larger bowl Menœtius' son now set,
“ And wine mix strong, and cup for each one place
“ For men most dear, that 'neath my tent are met.”

He said. Patroclus straight his friend obeys,
While he a flesh-tray flung i' th' fire's bright blaze.
Therein the back of sheep, and fat she-goat,
Therein, too, fatted boar's rich chine he lays.
Held these Automedon, Achilles cut.
These cut in morsels well he hung the spits about.

XXV. 211-219.

Menœtius' son, the godlike man, a fire
There kindled huge, and when the fire now had
Burnt down, and with'ring did the flame expire,
He stretch'd the spits o'er burning embers spread.
Show'red sacred salt as raise fro' th' stands he did,
And on the dressers all, when roasted, pour'd.
Patroclus serv'd in baskets fair the bread,
The meat Achilles, seated at the board
By th' opp'site wall, divine Odysseus facing tow'rd.

XXVI. 219-227.

To th' gods make off'ring he Patroclus bade,
Who firstling morsels in the fire did fling.
They stretch'd their hands to th' food before them
laid.
Quell'd thirst and hunger, Ajax motioning
To Phœnix made. Odysseus saw the thing,
And, wine-cup filling, pledg'd Achilles he:—
“ Achilles, hail! Lack not good banqueting
“ By Atrides Agamemnon's tent do we,
“ Nor here, where many grateful things for feasting be.

XXVII. 228-236.

“ But not for pleasant banquet-works we care.
“ Calamity, O Zeus-fed, sore we see,
“ And dread. And doubt if 'scape or perish there
“ The well-bench'd ships, unless thy bravery
“ Thou don. For camp by th' wall and vessels they
“ The haughty Trojans, and far-call'd allies,
“ Burn many fires, through th' host, nor hinder'd say
“ They'll longer be, but of the ships make prize.
“ Zeus Kronides them fav'ring lightens from the skies.

XXVIII. 237-244.

“ And Hector in his strength round glaring dire
“ Fierce rages, trusting Zeus he nought doth fear
“ Or men or gods. Him frenzy doth inspire.
“ He prays that morn divine may soon appear,
“ And threatens he our vessels' prows will shear,
“ And burn the ships with fire, th' Achæans kill,
“ Astounded in the smoke the ships a-near.
“ And sore I fear me in my mind that will
“ Th' immortal gods these menacings of his fulfil.

XXIX. 245-253.

“ I fear in Troas perish is our fate
“ From steed-apt Argos far. But up, and haste,
“ If minded to defend, albeit late,
“ From Trojan force th' Achæans' sons distrest.

“ For sorrow will hereafter touch thy breast.
“ No cure’s for evil done. ‘Fore-hand th’ ill day
“ Of Danai bethink thee how t’ arrest.
“ To thee thy father Peleus, when away
“ From Phthia to Atrides sent thee, friend, did say:—

XXX. 254-262.

“ ‘ *My son, strength Herè and Athenè ’ll give*
“ *If’t please them. Thou thy spirit keep controll’d*
“ *I’ th’ breast; for better’s gentleness. And leave*
“ *All noxious strife. So thee the more will hold*
“ *In honor th’ Argives all both young and old.’—*
“ So bade the Sire, but thou’st forgot. Thy bent
“ E’en now relax, thine anger fierce withhold,
“ Gifts worthy ’ll Agamemnon give, relent
“ But thou from wrath. What gifts he promis’d in his
tent,

XXXI. 263-272.

“ If thou wilt hearken I’ll recount them all:
“ Sev’n tripods ne’er had fire,¹⁸ gold talents ten,
“ Bright caldrons twenty, coursers twelve withal,
“ Prize-winners strong, whose feet have prizes ta’en.
“ Not poor the man nor lacking gold had been
“ With all Atrides’ steeds have borne away.
“ And lovely work-skill’d Lesbian women se’en
“ He’ll give, which when thou ’dst Lesbos taken, he
“ Did choose, that fair beyond the tribes of women be.

XXXII. 273-282.

“ He'll give thee these. She'll with them be whom
then

“ He took, Brisëis. Solemn oath he'll swear

“ Her couch he's ne'er approach'd, nor with her been

“ As is men's wont, and men with women are.

“ All these at once. But Priam's town if e'er

“ Gods grant we take, thy ships lade shalt thou free

“ With gold and brass when th' Achives booty share,

“ And Trojan women twenty choose for thee,

“ That after Argive Helen shall the loveliest be.

XXXIII. 283-290.

“ But Achive Argos, breast of earth, if e'er

“ We reach, his son thou 'dst like his sole one be,

“ Orestes, held of him in foison¹⁴ there.

“ And in his well-built palace daughters three

“ He hath, Chrysothemis, Laodicè,

“ And Iphianassa. Her it likes thee have

“ Of these, withouten dowry¹⁹ take thou free

“ To Peleus, home. And dotal presents brave

“ He'll many give, as ne'er yet man to daughter gave:

XXXIV. 291-299.

“ Sev'n peopled towns he'll give, Cardamylè,

“ Enòpè, Hira green, Pheræ divine,

“ Antheia eke, whose meads deep herbag'd be,

“ Æpeia fair, Pædasus of the vine,

“ All near the sea, at Pylos’ last confine.
“ There men in flocks and herds abounding stay,
“ Who ’ll honour thee with gifts as one divine,
“ And splendid tribute ’neath thy sceptre pay.
“ He’ll these perform if thou thy wrath wilt put away.

XXXV. 300-307.

“ But if Atrides thou dost so detest
“ At heart, himself and gifts, compassionate
“ The other Panachœans sore distrest
“ Throughout the host, who’ll thee in honor set
“ As god. Of them thou ’dst have now glory great.
“ For Hector now thou ’dst take, who’ll come full
 nigh
“ In ’s rage distract, who boasts none him can mate
 “ Of all that ships brought here of Danaï.”
To him then spake swift-foot Achilles in reply :—

XXXVI. 308-317.

“ Zeus-sprung Laertes’ son, in wiles deep-skill’d,
“ Odysseus, now behoves me speak out plain
“ E’en as I think, and will be sure fulfill’d,
“ That none lamenting me beset again.
“ For him I hate as gates of Hades e’en
“ Who ’ll one thing hide in breast, another say.
“ I’ll speak my mind. Not move me will I ween
“ Atrides, nor the other Danai,
“ Since small the thanks for fighting foes incessantly.

XXXVII. 318-327.

“ Like shareth if one lag, or vig’rous fight,
“ Like honor too for coward and for brave,
“ Dies as the sluggard, so the toiling wight.
“ No profit of my mind’s sore toil I have,
“ That aye my soul to battle’s peril gave.
“ As bird its callow young whate’er of food
“ It findeth brings, herself doth scant fare leave,
“ So many sleepless nights, and days of blood,
“ Men combating, I’ve spent, in these men’s wives’
 sole feud.

XXXVIII. 328-336.

“ Twelve sooth with ships I’ve cities sack’d of men ;
“ On foot, I say, eleven Troas through.
“ From all have treasures bright and many ta’en,
“ And yielded all to Agamemnon, who
“ Receiv’d them staying with the ships, and few
“ Distributing, the many did retain.
“ Gifts gave to th’ chiefs and kings, which keep they do
“ Secure. From me alone of th’ Achives hath he ta’en
“ And keeps my pleasing spouse. Let him enjoy her
 then.

XXXIX. 337-345.

“ Why Argives Trojans fight? Why host thus far
“ Atrides led? Was ’t not for Helen fair?
“ The only men that love their wives then are
“ Th’ Atrides? Brave and prudent every where

“ Her that ’s his own doth love, for her doth care.
“ So from my soul I’ve this one lov’d albeit
“ By spear obtain’d. And now that he hath there
“ My prize pluck’d from my hands, and me doth cheat,
“ Let him not try me more who know, he’ll not persuade
 a whit.

XL. 346-355.

“ Let him with thee, Odysseus, and the kings
“ Contrive from fire of foes his ships to keep.
“ He hath withouten me done many things,
“ A wall hath built, and trench before it steep,
“ Broad, huge hath drawn, and stakes in-driven deep,
“ Nor yet can slaughter’ring Hector’s force withstand.
“ While I ’mong th’ Achives warr’d by th’ wall he’d
 keep,
“ Came but to th’ Scæan gates and beech. A stand
“ He made there once, and scarce escapèd from my hand.

XLI. 356-364.

“ Now since I’ll fight not Hector godlike one,
“ To-morrow, rites paid Zeus and gods as wont,
“ My laden ships, when I’ve to sea drawn down,
“ Thou’lt see, if ’t please thee take thereof account,
“ Full early sailing fishful Hellespont
“ My barks, with men who’ll no slack rowing ply.
“ Fair passage if fam’d Shake-earth give upon ’t,
“ The third day gleby Phthia ’s reach’d, where lie
“ A many things I left, here coming lucklessly.

XLII. 365-374.

“ More gold, red brass, fair women, iron bright
“ Hence take I, mine by lot. My guerdon he
“ Who gave it Agamemnon took, with slight.
“ To him then all I've said speak openly,
“ That other Achives too indignant be,
“ If some Danaian yet he hopes to cheat,
“ Aye clad in impudence. But eyes on me
“ Let him, though bold, adventure not to set.
“ I'll nought with him in rede¹⁴ or deed communicate.

XLIII. 375-384.

“ Me hath he bilk'd and wrong'd, but ne'er again
“ With words will cheat. Enough. Let him be still
“ And perish. Zeus all-wise his wits hath ta'en.
“ His gifts I hate, himself I count at nil.
“ Though give me ten or twenty times he will
“ What now he hath or 'll come to him, or e'er
“ Orchomenus or e'en Egyptian Thebes did fill,
“ Where wealth 's most hous'd, where gates a hundred
 are,
“ At each out pass two hundred men with steed and car.

XLIV. 385-392.

“ Though gifts he'd give as sand or dust, not me
“ The more would Agamemnon turn aside
“ Ere paid me all that vex-soul contumely.
“ Atrides Agamemnon's daughter, bride

“ Of mine should never be. Though lovely vied
 “ In form with golden Aphroditè she,
 “ And match’d in skill Athenè azure-ey’d.
 “ I’d wed her not. Some Achive else choose he
 “ Shall match with him of higher regal dignity.²⁰

XLV. 393-400.

“ If gods preserve and bring me home, for me
 “ Will Peleus’ self for spousals wife provide.
 “ Achæan girls through Hellas, Phthia be
 “ No lack, whose chieftain-sires o’er towns preside.
 “ Of these the one that I shall choose, my bride
 “ Belov’d I’ll make ; and thither soothly does
 “ My manly soul vehemently now guide
 “ To wed a lawful wife, a fitting spouse,
 “ The wealth sire Peleus heap’d enjoying in repose.

XLVI. 401-409.

“ To me nought equals life, not all that fame
 “ Reports possest by Ilium’s well-dwelt town,
 “ While peace was ere th’ Achæans’ sons yet came,—
 “ Nor all that rocky Pytho’s fane of stone
 “ Phœbus Apollo’s holdeth, darting one.
 “ By rapine may we beeves and fat sheep gain,
 “ And tripods too, and ruddy steeds be won ;
 “ But soul of man will ne’er return again,
 ‘ Be seiz’d or ta’en, that past his fence of teeth¹¹ hath
 been.

XLVII. 410-418.

“ My goddess-mother, Thetis Silver-foot,
“ Hath said two several fates to death’s bourn wend.
“ If staying here I combat Ilium ‘bout,
“ Dies my return, my glory ne’er will end.
“ If homewards to my country dear I bend,
“ Dies bright renown, be long my life though will,
“ Nor death o’ertake me with too speedy end.
“ And I’d advise the rest that home they sail ;
“ For find the end of lofty Ilium now ye’ll fail.

XLVIII. 419-429.

“ With hand doth wide-voic’d Zeus²¹ so cover it,
“ Her folk take heart. But go, your message say
“ To th’ Achive chiefs as envoys doth befit,
“ That they devise some other better way
“ That save their ships and folk Achæan may
“ In th’ hollow ships, as through my wrath doth fail
“ Their now device. But Phœnix with us stay,
“ To country dear to-morrow with me sail.
“ That’s if he please, for I’ll not take him ‘gainst his
will.”

XII.—HERE'S ADORNMENT.—Book XIV. 166-228.

XIX. 166-174.

She sought her chamber, made her by her son
Hephaistos, stout doors fitting door-posts tight,
With secret bolt, ope which gods else could none.

And ent'ring there she clos'd the door-folds bright.
First with ambrosia cleans'd her sweet flesh quite
From every stain, with oil anointed her
Ambrosial, sweet, with passing fragrance dight,¹⁴
Which if in Zeus' brass pavèd house one stir,
The scent through sky²² would reach the very earth afar.

XX. 175-183.

Her lovely flesh anointed so, and hair
Comb'd out, she braids with hands her shining tresses
From that immortal head, ambrosial, fair.
In robe ambrosial, made by Athenè, dresses,
She 'd wrought with care and fill'd with quaint devices,
With gold-clasp buckled it t' her breast. And zone,
With hundred tassels dight, her waist compresses.¹⁴
In well-pierc'd ear-lobes she did ear-rings don,
Three-gemm'd elaborate, whose mickle grace outshone.

XXI. 184-192.

From head the stately goddess veil'd with fair
New veil, and white as is the sun. And tied
'Neath shining feet her comely sandals there.
And all her person's decking done, she hied
From chamber ; Aphroditè call'd aside
From other gods, and speech to her thus made :—
“ Wilt grant, dear child, my wish ? or be denied
“ Must it because with wrath thy mind is sway'd
“ That I the Danai, and thou dost Trojans aid ?”

XXII. 193-201.

Zeus' daughter Aphroditè made reply :—

“ Herè, dread power, great Kronos' daughter, say

“ What 'tis thou wilt; my mind bids do 't if I

“ To do 't am able, and be done it may.”

Herè august spake subtly :—“ Give me, pray,

“ That love now, and desire, wherewith thou so

“ Immortals all and mortal men dost sway.

“ For visit th' ends of fruitful earth below,

“ And Ocean Sire, and Tethys, mother of the gods, I go.

XXIII. 202-210.

“ They in their homes did tend and nurture me,

“ From Rhea ta'en, when wide-voic'd Zeus²¹ did send

“ Kronos beneath the earth, and fruitless sea.

“ To those I go, their bitter strife to end;

“ For long time now they 've mutually abstain'd

“ From bed and love, since wrath fell on their mind.

“ If these with words persuading I could bend

“ Their heart that they in bed and love be join'd,

“ Then aye of them should I be call'd rever'd and kind.”

XXIV. 211-218.

Smiles-loving Aphroditè in reply

Did then address her thus :—“ In sooth request

“ Of thine we may not, ought not to deny,

“ Who dost in arms of Zeus the mightiest rest.”

She said, and broider'd girdle loos'd from breast,

Quaint-wrought, where all her fascinations lay,
Where love, desire, and lovers' meeting blest,
And sweet discourse, that fool the wisest may.
This in her hand she plac'd, spake word, and thus did
say :—

XXV. 219-228.

“ This girdle take, and in thy bosom lay,²³
“ Quaint-wrought, where all things be. I think not
thou
“ Wilt back without thine aim.” Thus did she say,
And large-eyed Herè smil'd, and smiling so
Embosom'd it. And home did Aphroditè go,
The child of Zeus. Rush'd Herè from Olympus high,
Pieria and Emathia did o'ergo,
And horsemen-Thracians' snowy hills o'erfly
O'er topmast peaks, nor once to ground her feet apply.

XIII.—ACHILLES ARMING FOR BATTLE.—Book xix.

357-424-

XL. 357-367.

As snow-flakes thick and chill fly forth from Zeus,
'Neath blast of Boreas æther-born ; so were
From ships the helmets glist'ring borne profuse,
Boss'd shields and arch'd-plate corselets, ash spears fair.
The splendour rose to sky, and earth all laughèd there
'Neath gleam of brass. Sound rose men's feet beneath,
And midst them harness'd him Achilles rare,
The godlike. Gnashing was there of his teeth,
And his two eyes outshone, as when one fire-flame seeth.

XLI. 368-374.

His heart in woe past suff'rance plung'd, and hot
'Gainst Trojans, he the god's gifts did endue,
Which had for him Hephaistos lab'ring wrought.
Greaves first about his legs he buckled-to,
Fair greaves, with clasps of silver fitting true;
And next his corselet set his breast about;
O'er shoulders falchion silver-studded threw
Of brass. Then grasp'd the shield enormous stout,
From which as from a moon a sheeny radiance glister'd
out.

XLII. 375-383.

As when at sea to sailors sheweth light
Of burning fire, in mountains blazing high
In lonely spot, while them in their despite
Storms drive to fishful sea from friends away;
So from Achilles' shield doth radiance fly
Through air, from comely dædal shield. His helmet
stout
He rais'd and set on 's head. Like star i' th' sky
Shone forth the horse-tail helm. Shook all about
The thick gold hair wherewith Hephaistos had the cone
set out.

XLIII. 384-391.

And of himself in arms then made assay
Divine Achilles, if they fit him true,
And in them had his radiant limbs their play.
Folk shepherd lift, as were they wings, they do

From ground. Next father's spear from stand he drew,
Huge, heavy, strong. No Achive might aspire
To wield ; Achilles sole to wield it knew ;
A Pelion ash that Chiron cut his sire
In Pelion's top, to be to heroes slaughter dire.

XLIV. 392-399.

The horses there in sooth Automedon
And Alcimus preparing harness do,
And yoke-thongs lovely had the horses on,
And 'bout their jaws the bridles then they threw,
And reins to seat compact back tight'ning drew.
Bright hand-fit whip y-grasp'd, to car sprung stout
Automedon. Arm'd went Achilles too
Behind, and like a glist'ring sun shone out
In harness bright, who dire t' his father's steeds did
shout :—

XLV. 400-408.

“ Xanthus and Balias, ye renown'd afar
“ Podarges' children, think another way
“ How safe to bring the driver of your car
“ Back to Danaians' host when slack we fray,
“ Nor like Patroclus leave him dead.” Then say
’Neath yoke did swift-foot Xanthus, head hung low,
With mane that strewn on ground from yoke-ring
falling lay,
Him white-arm'd Herè goddess did endow
With speech :—“ We 'll surely, strong Achilles, save
thee now.

XLVI. 409-417.

“ But near ’s thy dying day, though we no wise
“ To blame, but god and fate prevailing e’er.
“ Nor did by slowness ours nor sluggardize
“ Arms from Patroclus’ shoulders Trojans tear.
“ But him that chief of gods, whom fair-tress’d Leto
 bare,
“ ’Mong foremost slew, and gave to Hector fame
 therefrom.
“ With blast of Zephyrus we ’d pace it yare,¹⁴
“ That swiftest is, they say. But ’tis thy doom
“ Thyself by god and man to be by force o’ercome.”

XLVII. 418-424.

And when in sooth thus far he ’d spoken, stay
Th’ Erinnies did his voice. And anger’d high
To him did nimble-foot Achilles say :—
“ Xanthus, to me death wherefore prophesy ?
“ Not needed thee, for here my doom to die,
“ From sire and mother far, myself well know,
“ Yet cease I ’ll not till to satiety
“ Of war I ’ve Trojans drove.” He said, and so
'Mong foremost shouting made the whole-hoof'd horses
 go.

XIV.—THE WINDS AT THE PYRE OF PATROCLUS.—
Book XXIII. 192-230.

The pyre would burn not of Patroclus dead.

This else resolv'd swift-foot Achilles high :
From pyre he stood apart, and two winds pray'd,
Boreas and Zephyrus, fair holy gifts y-promisèd,

XXIII. 196-204.

Pouring from golden cup he mickle there
Implor'd them come, and quick burn corse with
flame,
Make wood to burn. Swift Iris heard his prayer,¹²
And to the winds his messenger she came.
At blustrous Zephyr's house were met the same
A-feasting. Iris running stood upon
The stony threshhold. Seen with eyes the dame,
All rose, and call'd her to him every one,
But she to sit refus'd, and speaking thus begun :—

XXIV. 205-213.

“ No seat. For back to streams of Ocean, where
“ In Æthiop's land with hecatombs they greet
“ The gods, I go the sacred things to share.
“ But Boreas, and Zephyr loud, entreat
“ Achilles doth, and promise off'rings meet,
“ To come, and pyre, where doth Patroclus lie,
“ Whom mourn all Achives, stir to burning heat.”
She said, and went away. With tumult high
They rush abroad, and make the clouds before them
fly.

152 EXTRACTS FROM THE AUTHOR'S ILIAD.

XXV. 214-221.

And soon they come a-blowing on the sea,
Whose swell was stirr'd beneath their shrilly blore.¹³
Arriv'd at fertile Troas when they be,
On pyre they fell. Strange burning fire doth roar.
All night the flame of pyre they vexen sore,
Shrill blowing. And Achilles swift all night
From golden vase with double cup doth pour
The drawn out wine on ground, and wetteth quite
The earth, Patroclus' soul invoking, hapless wight.

XXVI. 222-230.

As mourns a father, bones of son a-burning,
That bridegroom doth to parents' sorrow die;
So mourn'd Achilles, bones of friend a-burning.
He crept by th' pyre, and did incessant sigh.
Whenday-star came a-telling earth that light was nigh,
Whom foll'wing spreadeth Morning saffron-veil'd the
main,
Then slack'd the pyre, and ceas'd the flame. And fly
The winds returning to their home again,
Through Thracian sea, that groans and swells in high
disdain.



THE ODYSSEY,

LITERALLY RENDERED IN SPENSERIAN STANZA.

BOOK I.







THE ODYSSEY.

BOOK I.

I. 1-9.

ING me, O Muse, that all-experienced Man,
Who, after he Troy's sacred town o'erthrew,
Did tossing wander much, and cities scan
Of men a many, and their genius knew ;
Woes manifold by sea he suffer'd too
While life and friends' return he'd fain have won.
Nathless he rescued not his comrades, who
By their own wilful folly were undone ;
The fools ! that ate the beeves of the o'ergoing Sun.

II. 9-15.

And from them verily he took away
The day of their return. These things to me,
Daughter of Zeus, O goddess, somewhat say.
Now all the rest, that headlong death did flee,
Were home return'd, escaping war and sea ;
But him, sole lacking home and wife, within
Her sweetly cavern'd grot, in sooth, did she,
The Nymph Calypso, goddess high, detain,
And have him for her spouse she would exceeding fain.

III. 16-24.

And when of years revolving now had come
The year the gods had destined as the one
For his return to Ithaca, his home,
Nor even there, 'mong friends, his labours done,
The gods all pitied save Poseidon;
Who 'll 'gainst Odysseus rage until his land he gain.
The god had now to th' distant *Æthiops* gone
(The twofold parted *Æthiops*, last of men,
These of the setting sun, those of his rising been).

IV. 25-31.

T' accept of bulls and lambs a hecatomb
He went, and sat at feast delighted then.
The other gods the while within the dome
Of Zeus Olympian were assembled when
Speech 'mongst them led the Sire of gods and men:
For in his mind *Ægisthus* of renown
He then remember'd, whom in sooth had slain
Far-famed Orestes, Agamemnon's son.
And to th' immortals spake he, thinking of this one:—

V. 32-41.

“ How mortals blame the gods! From us ills flow
“ They say. Yet over fate they 've evils through
“ Their fault. Unforced by fate *Ægisthus* so
“ Atrides' wedded wife espous'd, and slew

“ The king return’d, his headlong fate yet knew ;
“ For told him we, through Hermes Argus-slayer,
“ Not kill the man, to wed his wife eschew,
“ For from Orestes vengeance would be there
“ For Atreus’ son, when grown he ’gan for country care.

VI. 42-50.

“ So Hermes counsell’d good, but movèd ne’er
“ Ægisthus, who hath now paid all.” Replies
The Azure-eyed Athenè goddess there :—
“ Our father Kronides, of majesties
“ Thou chief, this one in fit destruction lies.
“ So perish other doing things like these,
“ But soul it pains me for Odysseus wise
“ The hapless, far from friends, in all unease,
“ In round-y-ronnen isle;’ sea-navel ’tis, that isle of trees.

VII. 51-60.

“ There dwells a goddess, child of Atlas wise
“ Who knows the whole sea’s depths, and holdeth he
“ The lofty columns earth and sky comprise.
“ His daughter th’ hapless sad detains, and she
“ Would win him by sweet words of subtlety
“ Ithaca to forget. Odysseus, though,
“ Does long for death could he but only see
“ Of his own land the very smoke upgo.
“ And thou, Olympius, is thy heart not movèd so ?

VIII. 61-70.

“ Pleased thee Odysseus not in Troas wide
“ Off’ring by th’ Argives’ ships ? With him then why
“ So wroth, O Zeus ? ” Cloud-gath’ring Zeus re-
plied :—
“ My child, through teeth-fence thine⁶ what word
doth fly ?
“ Forget divine Odysseus how could I,
“ Who men doth pass in rede,⁷ nor less beseem
“ In gifts to deathless gods, that hold broad sky ?
“ Gird-earth Poseidon’s wroth for Polypheme,
“ The godlike Cyclops, still, whose eye he quench’d,
whose power’s supreme

IX. 71-79.

“ O'er Cyclops all. And him the daughter, yea,
“ Of sea-prince Phorcys, nymph Thoësa bare ;
“ In hollow caves she with Poseidon lay.
“ For this Shake-earth Poseidon, though he 'll ne'er
“ Odysseus kill, yet makes him everywhere
“ From country roam. But let us every one
“ Make his return that he may go, our care.
“ Slack wrath Poseidon will, nor can keep on,
“ And 'gainst immortals all in gods' despite contend
alone.”

X. 80-87.

Him answer'd then the goddess Azure-eye
Athenè thus :—“ O Father ours, thou son
“ Of Kronos, and of rulers eke most high,

“ If this the blissful gods determine on
“ That home return Odysseus wisest one,
“ Let’s herald Hermes quick, the Argus-slayer,
“ To isle Ogygia send to tell anon
“ Our counsel clear to th’ Nymph of comely hair,
“ Patient Odysseus’ home-return to get him there ;

XI. 88-95.

“ But I to Ithaca will wend, that so
“ His son I may the sooner stir withal,
“ And vigor on his spirit such bestow
“ That he the flowing-hair’d Achæans call
“ T’ assembly, and rebuke the suitors all ;
“ His¹ huddling flocks, and trail-foot crook-horn
 beeves they slay.
“ To Sparta, sandy Pylos eke I shall
“ Send him to ask his father’s homeward way
“ If hap he hear, and fame t’himself ‘mong men uplay.”

XII. 96-104.

This said she did on feet fair sandals bind
Ambrosial and of gold, that bear her do
O'er sea and boundless land with blasts of wind.
Sharp brass-point spear, huge, heavy, strong, took too,
Wherewith she doth men's hero-ranks subdue
When strong sire's daughter's wrath is on their band.
And down Olympus' tops she rushing flew.
'Mong th' Ithac folk by Odysseus' porch then stand
She did at threshhold of the hall, with brazen-spear in
hand,

XIII. 105-113.

And seem'd guest Mentes, Taphians' chieftain, ahe,
And found the suitors proud. At dice then they
Before the gates their souls delighting be,
Sitting on hides of beeves, which they did slay.
Heralds by these, and servants prompt alway
Mixing in bowls to water wine applied,
Or tables clean with fretted sponge, and lay
Before them did, and mickle flesh divide.
And her god-shaped Telemachus by far the first espied.

XIV. 114-122.

Heart-grieved 'mong suitors seated he doth view
In mind his noble Sire come making flee
The suitors, scatt'ring them the palace through,
Resume his rank, and rule his own. While he
So sitting mused Athenè he did see,
And straight to th' porch he went, soul-vex'd that
guest
Should long before the gates a standing be.
Near her he stood, her brass spear took, and press'd
Her right hand there, and wing'd words utt'ring, her
address'd :—

XV. 123-131.

“ Hail, guest! take cheer with us, and when thou 'st
dined
“ Then tell thy need.” He spake, and led the way,
Pallas Athenè following him behind.

When come within the lofty house were they
Spear ta'en he did 'gainst column tall upstay
Within well-polish'd stand for javelins where
Spears many else of firm Odysseus lay.
Her then he led and placed in seat with fair
Fine linen underspread, and stool beneath her feet was
there.

XVI. 132-140.

Near her he set a painted seat apart
From suitors, lest, annoy'd with their uproar,
The guest among those rude for dinner have no heart,
And eke to ask 'bout absent sire the more.
Hand-water maiden brought, and did from pitcher
pour
Lovely, of gold, o'er silver basin fair,
For washing. Then she spread smooth table them
before.
Chaste stewardess did bread and viands rare
A many 'fore them set of what was present there.

XVII. 141-149.

Carver did plates of meat of all kinds lay,
And golden cups for them. A herald goes
To pour out wine for them without delay.
The haughty suitors came, and there in rows
On seats and couches sitting them dispose.
And heralds water on their hands did pour,
And bread in baskets maidens brought to those;
And youths the mixing bowls with drink brim o'er
And auspicate the cups,² and round to all y-bore.

XVIII. 150-157.

They cast their hands on meats lay ready there.
But when for meat and drink they'd quench'd desire,
The suitors 'gan for other things to care,
For song and dance; for feast doth these require.
And herald handed Phemius lovely lyre,
Who sang to suitors by compulsion prest.
Sweet song he launchèd forth, and swept the lyre.
Telemachus Athenè azure-eyed address'd,
With head held close to her's, that hear him not the
rest:—

XIX. 158-165.

“ Dear guest, will it displease thee what I say?
“ They care for these, for harp and song full fain.
“ Since other's food they eat unpunish'd, yea,
“ Of man whose white bones somewhere in the rain
“ Be rotting now on continent y-lain,
“ Or else is rolling them the swell of sea.
“ If him to Ithaca return'd again
“ They saw they'd all of nimble foot to flee
“ Than rich in gold and raiment sooner choose to be.

XX. 166-173.

“ Now he hath perish'd sure by evil doom,
“ No hope for us, though one assert it may,
“ Of men upon the earth, that he will come,
“ For now hath perish'd his returning day.

“ But come now tell me this, and truly say,
“ Who, whence art thou of men? Thy town and
parents where?
“ What ship thou camest in? To Ithaca what way
“ The sailors brought thee? Who do they declare
“ Themselves to be? For here a-foot I ween thou camest
ne'er.

XXI. 174-181.

“ This also tell me true that I may know,
“ Art thou but newly come, or art thou too
“ My father's guest? For to our house, I trow,
“ Resorted other men, and not a few;
“ For much had he indeed with men to do.”
Answer'd Athenè, goddess Azure-eye:—
“ These things I'll tell thee all exactly true.
“ Mentes, of warlike³ Anchialus the son do I
“ Boast me to be, and Taphians rule, who love the oar
to ply.

XXII. 182-190.

“ And now with ship and comrades voyaging
“ The wine-faced deep to strange-tongued men I go,
“ To Temesa for brass; and iron bright I bring.
“ My ship away from town in country so
“ Lies in port Rhethrus, woody Neion's mount below:
“ Each other's guests paternal we of yore
“ Do boast to be. Go ask the sire, for he will know,
“ Laertes hero, who, they say, no more
“ To town resorts, but in the country beareth sorrows sore,

XXIII. 191-199.

“ He with old serving dame, that serves him meat and drink,
“ Whene’er fatigue in knees invade him may,
“ As he doth creeping through his fertile vineyard swink?
“ I ’m come because that with his people folk did say
“ Thy father was. But gods obstruct his way;
“ For dead Odyssesus godlike ’s not, but still
“ Alive in broad sea somewhere kept doth stay
“ In round-y-ronnen isle.” Rough men and ill,
“ Savage and fierce detain, and somewhere hold him
’gainst his will.

XXIV. 200-207.

“ And soothly now will I foretell thee what
“ Th’ immortals prompt my mind, and doth appear
“ To me will come to pass, though seer I ’m not,
“ Nor have of auguries the knowledge clear;
“ Much longer be from native country dear
“ He ’ll not, though keep him iron bonds; for he,
“ So subtle, will contrive his getting here.
“ But come now say, and truly tell to me,
“ If of Odyssesus’ self so comely son thou be.

XXV. 208-216.

“ For wondrous like him thou about the head
“ And comely eyes. For often meet did we
“ Ere he went up to Troy, where others sped

“ Of Argives’ best in hollow ships o’er sea.
“ I ’ve not since seen Odysseus, nor he me.”
Prudent Telemachus her answer’d so:—
“ Yea, guest, I will most truly tell to thee.
“ My mother saith indeed I ’m his, although
“ I know it not,* for of himself none can his father know.

XXVI. 217-225.

“ Would of some happy man I were the son,
“ Whom age ’mid his possessions found. Now he,
“ Who is of mortal men most hapless one,
“ From him I am they say, since this thou askest me.”
To him Athenè blue-eyed goddess:—“ Thee
“ The gods have made of no unfamous breed,
“ When thee so comely bare Penelope.
“ But tell me this, and truly say indeed,
“ What banquet, and what crowd is this, and what
thereof thy need ?

XXVII. 226-233.

“ Is ’t feast by single host, or wedding ? Here
“ ’Tis no clubb’d meal, for so with riot-ease
“ Wanton, o’erweening they to me appear
“ To feast through th’ house. ’Twould prudent man
 displease
“ Who coming here such shameful doings sees.”
Prudent Telemachus to her replied:—
“ O guest, since thou dost ask me touching these
“ This house both rich and blameless former tide
“ Would be while he as yet did with his people bide.

XXVIII. 234-242.

“ Now otherwise the gods ill-will’d decree,
“ Who him of all men vanish made. For dead
“ I ’d not so mourn’d him if ’mong comrades he
“ Had fallen there ’mong Trojan people sped,
“ Or in friends’ arms, when war he ’d nobly finishèd;
“ Then tomb had made him Panachæans so,
“ And mickle glory brought his son he had.
“ Now him have Harpies snatch’d inglorious. He
doth go
“ Unknown, unheard of, leaving me but grief and woe.

XXIX. 243-251.

“ No longer him alone do I deplore,
“ Sad sorrows else the gods do on me lay.
“ What chieftains rule the isles, have in Dylachium
power,
“ Samos, wood-crown’d Zacynthus eke, and they
“ Whoever Ithaca the ruggèd sway,
“ These court my mother, waste my house indeed.
“ Nor she the hateful marriage doth denay,
“ Nor put an end to ’t can. So these proceed
“ Devouring thus my house, and it and me will end with
speed.”

XXX. 252-260.

Pallas Athenè pitying him did say:—
“ Absent Odysseus much thou need’st, who would
“ On suitors insolent his hands soon lay. .

“ For coming now if in the porch he stood
“ With axe in hand and shield and pair of javelins good,
“ E'en as he was when first to me y-known,
“ Drinking in our abode in joyous mood,
“ Back from Ephyra come from Ilus Mermer's son,
“ For there in vessel swift Odysseus had y-gone,

XXXI. 261-269.

“ Yea, gone to seek man-slaught'ring drug had he,
“ Wherewith he might his brazen arrows smear ;
“ But Ilus gave him not, for gods, that be
“ From everlasting, he did soothly fear,
“ But gave him father mine, who held him dear,)
“ Such should Odysseus 'mong the suitors show
“ Short-lived they were, and bitter-mariaged here.
“ But lie these things on knees of gods,⁵ I trow,
“ If he returning shall avenge him in his house or no.

XXXII. 270-278.

“ I 'd have thee ponder how to thrust withal
“ Suitors from house. Now mark and of my words
have care.
“ At morn to meeting th' Achive heroes call,
“ And, with the gods to witness, 'fore them all declare,
“ The suitors home disperse enjoin thou there,
“ And mother, if to wed her soul 's inclined,
“ Return t' her mighty father's mansion fair.
“ They 'll wedding make, and presents too of kind
“ To go with daughter dear, a very many find.

XXXIII. 279-286.

“ Thyself I ’d counsel well if thou ’lt obey,
“ With oar’smen twenty, ship the best prepare,
“ And go and seek thy sire so long away,
“ If mortal haply tell thee any where,
“ Or rumour hear’st from Zeus, who chief doth bear
“ Report to men. And first to Pylos yede,
“ And godlike Nestor ask, to Sparta then from there
“ To Menelaus auburn-tress’d proceed.
“ Of Achives brazen-mail’d he came the last indeed.

XXXIV. 287-296.

“ If hear’st of father’s living and return
“ Then, though a-weary, bear thee up a year,
“ But if his being dead and gone thou learn,
“ Then get thee back to native country dear.
“ His tomb with fun’ral rites as fitting rear;
“ To husband give thy mother. And this way
“ When hast these matters done and finish’d here
“ I ’d have thee in thy soul and spirit weigh
“ How suitors in thy halls by guile or openly to slay.

XXXV. 297-305.

“ Not fits thee play the child that art a child ne mo?
“ Hast thou not heard what fame ’mong men y-ta’en
“ Orestes hath, who laid his father’s murderer low,
“ Subtle Ægisthus, who ’d his famous father slain?

“ And thou, my friend, (who ’rt comely, huge amain
“ I see,) be strong, that praise thee after-comers thine.
“ But I ’ll go down to my swift bark again,
“ And friends, who haply will awaiting me repine.
“ But see thou to thyself, and heed these words of mine.”

XXXVI. 306-314.

Discreet Telemachus made answer there:—

“ Thou sayest these with friendly mind, O guest,
“ As father to his child: forget them I will ne’er.
“ But come now stay, though on thy journey prest,
“ That, wash’d and heart-refresh’d, with better zest
“ Rejoiced with gift to ship thou get thee by and by,
“ Rich gift and fair to treasure in thy chest
“ From me, as guests do give to guests.” Reply
Did then to him Athenè goddess Azure-eye:—

XXXVII. 315-323.

“ No more now me, who ’d on my way, detain.
“ What gift thy heart suggesteth give to me
“ To take it home when I return again.
“ And choose it fair for ’twill be worth exchange to
thee.”

Blue-eyed Athenè went when spoken thus had she,
And like a bird away she flew unseen,
And gave him force and strength. Of sire did he
Think more than erst, and what it could have been
In mazed mind mused, and that it was a god did ween.

XXXVIII. 324-331.

The godlike man went straight to th' suitors there
To whom famed singer singing was a lay.
And these in silence list'ning seated were.
He sang th' Achæans' sad return when they,
Pallas Athenè ord'ring, came from Troy away.
Icarius' daughter wise Penelope,
From upper chamber heard the sacred lay.
Her mansion's lofty stairs descended she,
But not alone, for servants twain that follow her there be.

XXXIX. 332-340.

And when now she, divine of women fair,
Had to the suitors come she stood y-pight'
By pillar of the roof y-wroughten rare,
Before her cheeks she held her head-dress bright.
Stood maiden at her left and at her right.
She weeping then address'd the bard divine:—
“ Phemius, songs many else thou know'st that men
 delight,
“ Men's deeds and gods' that bards extol. With voice
 of thine
“ Sit sing them one of these, while they in silence drink
 their wine.

XL. 341-349.

“ But cease that woful song, for wounds my heart the
 same,
“ Since heaviest grief is mine, that such a head

“ Do miss, rememb’ring aye the man whose fame
“ Through Hellas is and middle Argos spread.”
Telemachus discreet in answer said :—
“ My mother, wherefore grudge the singer sweet
“ To give delight what way by spirit led ?
“ Not bards to blame ; on Zeus then rather be it,
“ Who gives inventive men, to each as seems him meet.

XLI. 350-359.

“ To this no blame to sing Danaians’ woe ; for lay
“ Men praise the most that ’s most to hearers new.
“ Then bear thy heart to hear. Returning day
“ Not sole Odysseus lost, for others too
“ In Troy there perish’d men, and not a few.
“ But go to th’ house, and see to work that ’s thine,
“ The loom and distaff; bid the maidens do
“ Their task attend. Speech doth to men incline
“ To all, but chief to me : for power within this house
is mine.”

XLII. 360-367.

She then astonish’d back to th’ house did wend,
And did her child’s wise word in spirit keep,
And to the upper chambers straight ascend,
With waiting women her’s, and there did weep
Her spouse Odysseus she till dulcet sleep
Blue-eyed Athénè on her eye-lids laid.
Suitors through dusky house make uproar deep,
And all do pray the gods with her to bed.
Discreet Telemachus discourse to them y-led :—

XLIII. 368-375.

“ My mother’s suitors, ye that are endued
“ With insolence o’erweening, now let ’s dine
“ Delighting us withouten noise. (Since good
“ It were to hear this singer, I opine,
“ So excellent for voice like gods divine)
“ At morn t’ assembly go and sit we all
“ That I may boldly tell you word of mine,
“ To quit this house, and other feasts install,
“ Your own goods eating at each other’s homes reciprocal.

XLIV. 376-383.

“ But if it better seem, and likes you more
“ That one man’s substance thus ye waste away
“ Without account, eat on ; but I ’ll implore
“ The gods, that be for aye, some future day,
“ When Zeus vouchsafes these doings to repay,
“ Without account within this house ye die.”
He spake. All bit their lips, for heard with wonder
they

Telemachus so bold outspeaking high.

Then did Antinoüs Eupitheüs’ son reply :—

XLV. 384-393.

“ Telemachus, the gods have taught thee sure to be
“ High spoken, talking loud. In sea-girt Ithaca,
“ Despite thy birth, a king make ne’er Kronion thee.”
Discreet Telemachus to him did say :—

“ Antinoüs, will ’t vex thee if I speak it? Yea,
“ This too I ’d take if Zeus vouchsafed the thing.
“ Dost think then this ’mong men most evil? Nay,
“ It is not bad indeed to be a king.
“ It straight makes rich one’s house, doth one in greater
honour bring.

XLVI. 394-402.

“ But be of Achives many kings beside,
“ Both young and old, in Ithaca, the girt by sea.
“ Then take it one of these since hath Odysseus died.
“ But I will of our house the sovereign be,
“ And of the slaves Odysseus won for me.”
Polybus’ son Eurymachus ’gan say :—
“ On gods’ knees⁵ lieth this, what Achive he
“ Shall reign, Telemachus, in sea-girt Ithaca.
“ But thou possessions thine shalt rule and eke thy man-
sion sway.

XLVII. 403-411.

“ Come ne’er the man would from thee forceful wrest
“ Thy goods while Ithaca is dwelt in yet.
“ But, excellent, I ’d ask thee of thy guest
“ Whence is the man, from what land doth he state
“ He is, his family where and birth-place set?
“ News of thy father’s coming hath he brought,
“ Or comes he for himself to seek a debt?
“ For rushing quick he went, and waited nought
“ That one might know him sooth. Nor look of ill-one
had he aught.”

XLVIII. 412-419.

Telemachus discreet him answer'd there :—
“ Eurymachus, in sooth hath perish'd sheer
“ My sire's return ; so tidings more I 'll ne'er
“ Believe whence ever coming it appear ;
“ Nor will I, though my mother summon seer
“ To th' palace, heed at all his prophecy.
“ This one 's from Taphos, guest paternal here,
“ Mentes, of Anchialus, the war-skill'd³ high,
“ He boasts him son and Taphians rules, who love the
oar to ply.”

XLIX. 420-427.

So soothly spake Telemachus albeit
Th' immortal goddess in his mind he knew.
To dancing those, and lovely song so sweet
In joyaunce turn, and wait till eve ensue.
To them in joyaunce darksome evening drew.
Then every one to rest they homeward wend.
Telemachus to where high room, with view
Around it large, was built in lovely court, did bend
His steps to bed, and did in mind revolving much per-
pend.

L. 428-435.

Before him sooth that chaste and skilful one
Hight⁷ Euryclea burning torches bare ;
The daughter she of Ops, Pisenor's son.
Her with his wealth Laertes bought whilere,⁷

In her first youth, for twenty oxen fair,
And her like spotless wife in honour bore,
But wife's wrath fearing bed with her did ne'er.
Now burning torches carried she, who more
Than all the maidens loved him, infant nursed him had
of yore.

LI. 43⁶-444.

He oped the doors of well-wrought chamber fair,
Sat on the bed, soft tunic stripp'd, and flong
It to the hands of dame of mickle care.
She folding smooth'd the tunic, and y-hong
On peg by piercèd bed, nor loiter'd long,
But left the room, and to her drew the door
With silver handle, tighten'd bolt with thong.
There he all night, with sheep's wool cover'd o'er,
Ponder'd in mind the way Athenè told him of before.







NOTES TO THE ILIAD
AND ODYSSEY.







NOTES TO THE EXTRACTS FROM THE ILIAD.

NOTE 1, page 90, stanza 15.—*O friends.*

IFIND myself compelled to differ from Mr. Grote, in his estimate of the relevancy of this speech, as well as from his view of the situation and conduct of Agamemnon at this juncture. (*Hist. of Greece*, vol. II. 2 ed. p. 95.) It is not necessary here to discuss the powers and influence of the Agora, though I am inclined to rate its general importance higher than Mr. Grote has done, in his able examination. For, however feeble the influence of such an assembly in ordinary times, yet on occasions of great emergency it would rise into an importance proportionate to the monarch's need of its active and cheerful co-operation. And this is precisely the case here. Agamemnon, by the alienation of Achilles, had deeply offended the whole army, whose position had become very unpalatable to those predatory warriors, by the withdrawal of so large a force with the chieftain who had led them on so many profitable excursions. For the predatory character of the war must not be lost sight of, for an instant. Whatever the power of Agamemnon in collecting those various chiefs in one common enterprise, he could only keep them together as long as they found it profitable by the plunder it enabled them to acquire. Accordingly, we find that the war had hitherto been but a series of predatory expeditions by detached portions of the host, which, under the conduct chiefly of Achilles, had been so successful as to account for the troops not having hitherto been

drawn from such profitable, and genial employment, in order to act with their united force in prosecution of the more arduous, and less certainly attainable object of their main enterprise. The importance of this predatory warfare in its gainful aspect, and the prominence of Achilles as the main mover in it, are pointedly dwelt on in the speeches of the latter in the First Book, and in the Ninth where he enumerates the towns he had taken in these excursions, and reproaches Agamemnon with wanting the spirit to take part in them, though ready enough to engross the largest share of the booty, and concludes with the reflection that he would not get much in that way, now that he had affronted the bravest of the Achæans. For Achilles well knew his importance, and the effect of his withdrawal. The indignation of the Achæans at the conduct of Agamemnon, or rather at its consequences to themselves, is accordingly intense, and that very indignation it is which subsequently prompts the audacious attack of Thersites on Agamemnon :—

*τῷ δ' ἄρ' Ἀχαιοῖ
Ἐκπάγλως κοτέοντο, νεμέσσηθεν τ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ.*

B. 222.

The army is therefore in the worst possible temper to be called on to do battle in a general engagement. Agamemnon feels the difficulty, which in his case is twofold. How can he get the troops to act at all? and in the next place, what if he be defeated in the engagement? What will then be his position, who has first weakened the host by the alienation of their bravest warrior and his adherents, and then forced them to battle in the absence of the only one who could have rendered victory secure? He has but one resource therefore, he must contrive to be urged to what he desires, and, feigning reluctance to fight, yield only to the pressing entreaty of the host. This is the only way of attaining his object, and at the same time escaping responsibility. The dream does not remove his anxiety in this respect; for, though it operates to urge himself to battle, it fails to make any strong impression on the secret council that he first summons to consult with upon it. Nestor, indeed, seconds the monarch's design very heartily; but not

with the same faith in the dream itself, which he would rather appear to treat as an invention of the sovereign. And in his blunt military freedom the old warrior is at little pains to disguise it. "Had any else," he says, "told us this dream, we had pronounced it a falsity, and kept aloof; but now affirms it he who holds him chief amongst us. So let us arm the Achæans' sons if we can." The absence of any expression on the speaker's part of faith in the phenomenon is remarkable. There is bare acquiescence in the design of the king, and that with doubts of success. To have related this dream to the Agora therefore, and still more to have ordered the troops to march to battle on the strength of it, without taking steps to ascertain their temper, would have been hazardous in the extreme. The necessity of previously sounding them is shown by the result. He finds they are heartily sick of the enterprise, and quite ready to re-embark. What would have been the effect of ordering these troops to march against the enemy? Whatever the authority of the monarch, the general must have felt the thing was impossible. The speech is then a necessity. And the conduct of it is no less artful and well devised. To troops that were at all in a temper for this design that speech contained its own antidote. For he counsels flight, indeed; but suggests better reasons for remaining, viz. the pledged promise of Zeus to their success, and the disgrace, after so long a struggle, of being foiled by a feebler foe. The object of the speech is so far answered in ascertaining the temper of the people, which proves more discouraging even than he had anticipated, and in relieving himself from blame in the event of their being ultimately brought to do battle, and its going against them. The chiefs on their part work out his views, and, through the instrumentality of Odysseus, the people are brought back; and in the second assembly, restored by the same wise agency to good humour, in the most natural way possible. And the conclusion of all is that Agamemnon finds himself at the head of a flourishing army, eager and urgent for battle. A state of things which I am unable to conceive any more feasible method of bringing about, than that in which it is effected in the poem. All the circumstances grow out of the nature of the case so easily as almost to take away the credit of in-

vention from the poet, whose exquisite art makes choice at every step appear a necessity.

NOTE 2, page 90, stanza 15.—*Fell mischief's net extends.*

"Ἄτη ἐνέδησε βαρεῖην. Valde me irretivit errore. Damm. Similar reference of disaster to the Supreme Power, and with a similar metaphor occurs, Job xix. 6 :—“ Know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath encompassed me with his net.”

NOTE 3, page 91, stanza 19.—*Long waves at sea.*

OBSERVE “long” not “high,” as some translate it; for elevation is not the feature of resemblance, but the extent of undulation, long, farstretching waves. Elevation of the waves above the general surface could not characterize the oscillations of a crowd, which must, so to speak, be all on the same plane. The second simile employed in illustration appears to me conclusive on the subject; for the successive undulations of a field of corn, as the breeze sweeps over it, cannot with any propriety be called *high* waves, though they are aptly designated as *long*.

NOTE 4, page 94, stanza 31.—*Sole contending.*

IN order to perceive the full force of the expression “sole contending,” as indeed of the whole of this speech of Odysseus, we must advert to the critical temper of the assembly. (See Note 1.) For Thersites, with all his venom, is only uttering their sentiments. For all the Achæans, it is said, were exceedingly angered at Agamemnon. The problem was to check this before it reached a more general expression, before some worthier mouth-piece of the popular indignation were found. Odysseus accordingly loses no time, but is suddenly at his side. And, not to run counter to the too manifest feeling of the assembly, he cleverly isolates Thersites by addressing him as “sole contending with the king.” He relegates the main question of their return as premature, and at once fastens on

Thersites as abusing Agamemnon for the presents made him by the Achæan chieftains of their own free will. With this he safely threatens future, and inflicts present chastisement on the helpless and unlucky orator, with whom the audience no longer feel the necessity or inclination to make common cause, but on the contrary grow exceedingly merry at their late champion's expense.

NOTE 5, page 96, stanza 36.—*Part-voice mortals.*

Part-voice, i. e. *voice-dividing*. Μέρος, a philosophic and distinctive characteristic of the human race, as alone gifted with speech, properly so called. For using the voice as a medium of communication is not distinctive, since the lower animals do that, and with much variety of tone. But with them the voice is rather emitted in a succession of cries, in which the stream of sound is not broken up into short significant portions or joints, as it were (*articulos*), as in the vast variety of human tongues, through all of which, even to the most barbarous among them, man still stands out conspicuous, as—

“The creature sole of speech articulate.”

NOTE 6, page 109, stanza 86.—*Would scarce require.*

Scarce require, i. e. it was large enough to furnish material for helmets of the foot-soldiers of a hundred cities.

NOTE 7, page 114, stanza 24.—*When hate Bellerophon.*

THIS phraseology must not be understood to imply any known anger of the gods against Bellerophon, but to express the inference drawn from his calamity, melancholy madness probably, which, according to ancient notions, would only fall on one with whom all the gods were displeased. This reference of calamity to divine infliction, as a mark of divine displeasure, would seem to have been a very prevailing notion. The friends of Job inferred sin from his visitation. And our Saviour's

disciples inquired what particular crime of himself or his parents had caused the blind man's calamity. Prosperity was regarded as the sole test of divine favour. How "sweet" may be "the uses of adversity" was pre-eminently a Christian revelation.

NOTE 8, page 115, stanza 26.—*Him did I leave.*

I FIND myself differing from all the translators in understanding *μίν* of Æneus, while they, with Eustathius, refer it to the cup. If it be the cup, then it is not in the Homeric manner, which would have stated the transfer of ownership from Æneus to Diomed. Æneus, I believe, never parted with the cup. And it has otherwise no connection with Tydeus; and the whole passage, to my mind, is, with that rendering, weak and disjointed; but understand it of Æneus, and everything is in its place. It is equivalent to saying:—"My grandfather Æneus entertained your grandfather Bellerophon, and they exchanged such and such gifts. Æneus I left in my house on coming here, and from him I know all about it; but my father Tydeus I do not remember, as he died at the wars when I was a little child."

NOTE 9, page 118, stanza 48.—*City's king.*

PRESSURE of rhyme has induced me to insert a translation of Astyanax.

NOTE 10, page 133, stanza 67.—*Bridge of war.*

Bridge of war, elsewhere *war-bridges*, the intervals between the columns, which serving to pass to and fro, suggest the notion of bridges. Not merely the space dividing the two hosts, but the intervals that separated the several portions of each host within itself.

NOTE 11, page 143, stanza 46.—*Fence of teeth.*

"Ἐρκος ὁδόντων, *fence of teeth*, i.e. *the lips*, as fencing or covering

the teeth when silent; but this of course on the supposition of teeth being the subject-matter screened or guarded, but not if teeth be the material of which the fence is composed. For in that case ἵρκος ὁδόντων would be a poetic periphrase for the teeth themselves, and allude to their fence-like arrangement in rows within which the tongue lies enclosed.

NOTE 12, page 151, stanza 23.—*Swift Iris heard his prayer.*

THE winds are considered as deaf, and therefore could not hear Achilles, whose prayer is on that account brought to their notice by a personal visit of the goddess, who does not disdain to grace the hero so far.

NOTE 13, page 152, stanza 44.—*Shrilly blore.*

Blore, the act of blowing, a blast. Chapman employs the word in his translation.

NOTE 14.

IN this note are explained the few unusual words which occur in the Extracts. *Soun*, for *sound*, at p. 107, is used by Chaucer for *sound*, both noun and verb, and pronounced like it for the diphthong, and is preferred here, not for the rhyme's sake, but for the indefinite vibration of the *n*, to which the *d* would put abrupt end, and for its having besides a certain assonance with the terminal letter of the corresponding lines. The remaining words are,—*besprent*, besprinkled; *dight*, dressed, adorned; *foison*, plenty, abundance; *hent*, the preterite of *hend*, to take, i. e. lay hold of with the *hand*—the contrary of it is familiar enough in “*unhand me*;” *hight*, called, named; *perpend*, consider attentively; *pight*, *y-pight*, pitched, placed; *rede*, counsel, advice; *skirre*, scour, run in haste; *wend*, to go; *yare*, briskly, swift; *y-blent*, mingled.

NOTE 15, page 112, stanza 18.—*For as of leaves.*

“As the green leaves on a thick tree, some fall, and some

grow, so is the generation of flesh and blood, one cometh to an end, and another is born."—Ecclesiasticus xiv. 18. In observing the coincidence of ideas in the two writers, it must not be forgotten that Homer is the more ancient.

Observe, also, what appears to be an expression of botanical truth in our poet's account; for the connection of the falling of the leaf with the pushing forth of the bud of the new one, by cutting off its supply of sap, a fact of comparatively recent observation among the moderns, would seem to be here alluded to, and that pointedly. For the buds are said to put forth in the place of the falling leaves, which is an autumn operation; but the growth or expansion of the bud is expressly referred to the spring, as distinguished, it would seem, from its putting forth.

NOTE 16, page 126, stanza 28.—*Rank-shatterer*.

"*Rank-shatterer*," breaking the enemy's ranks, and not "*Deserter*," breaking away from his own, as some, whose opinion is entitled to great consideration, would render it. Ajax is not disparaging Achilles, but, on the contrary, admitting frankly and freely his superiority, and postpones himself and his comrades to that rank-shattering lion-hearted hero, but says that "such as we are there are plenty of us, Hector, both able and willing to encounter thee."

The word *ρηξήνως* occurs elsewhere, as at Il. xiii. 324, and xvi. 146, 575, not in disparagement, however, where none could have been intended, but always expressive of warlike prowess; an epithet, in fact, which Nestor had paraphrased in his account of the club-wielding Lycurgus, *σιδηρεῖη κορύνη ρῆγνυσκε φάλαγγας*.—Il. vii. 141.

NOTE 17, page 130, stanza 37.—*They parting, this.*

So ends this combat between Hector and Ajax, the epic value of which, *inter alia*, is to show, *coram oculis*, that, as Hector and Ajax fought without victory declaring for either, Ajax is inferior to Achilles, with whom such equal contest had been impossible; but that he is superior to all the Achaeans beside

is shown by their praying that the lot might fall upon Ajax. Who does not see the Achilleid character denied to these very books, where, in the absence of Achilles, attention is constantly drawn to him?

NOTE 18, page 137, stanza 31.—*Ne'er had fire.*

I. e. never used. I should have written *new*, but that involves their age, and they might have come from Achaia, and so been nine years old. Cowper seems strangely puzzled with the epithet, which he renders “unsullied by fire,” and in a note asks how it was that these were yet unsullied? The epithet clearly negatives any notion of Agamemnon presenting Achilles with his old pots and pans that might have been in use simmering on the fire any time during the nine years of the siege.

NOTE 19, page 138, stanza 33.—*Withouten dowry take.*

I. e. without the gift made by the bridegroom to the parents of the bride. There is no disguising the fact, however decorously veiled, that the daughters of those days were parted with for a consideration. To modern notions the transaction was not perhaps distinguishable from a sale, just as the Circassians and Georgians part with their progeny in these days, though not so indiscriminately as to the purchaser; the purchaser or husband being ascertained, and the position of the bride very different. One uses the word dowry, but the unclassic reader must of course keep in mind that it was not what the wife brought with her, but what was paid for her, and that, although resembling the modern dower, as being out of the property of the husband, it differed in the material point of not being for the benefit of the wife. We read, it is true, of the rich-dowered Andromachè in a different sense, but Hector's was an exceptional case probably, like this of Achilles. The rule was, that the father of the bride should receive the presents, except where the high eligibility of the bridegroom reversed or relaxed it. By the laws of Solon the sale of daughters or sisters into slavery was forbidden; a “prohibition

which," as Mr. Grote (*Greece*, vol. III. p. 186.) observes, "shows how much females had before been looked upon as articles of property."

NOTE 20, page 143, stanza 44.—*Of higher regal dignity.*

LITERALLY, "more kingly," *βασιλεύτερος*. The consideration which attached to the regal dignity being among that strong-handed people based upon the reality of power, and wealth, and command of resources of the monarch, was proportioned to that power and wealth, irrespectively of his personal qualities. In modern Europe, heraldically speaking, and by diplomatic courtesy, all kings may be of a rank without reference to their power; but the practical-minded Greeks squared their theory with their practice and the actual state of things. The king of a large territory and great resources therefore, as his power was greater, so also was he more of a king (*βασιλεύτερος*) than his inferior in those particulars, however august the lineage of the latter, and however transcendent his personal qualities. But, amid this general appreciation of what may be called the dignity of outward circumstance, there would always be some impatient of its claims, whenever they trenched on what the mind is wont to consider the more intrinsic merit of personal excellence; and in drawing the line between the *τὰ ιφ' ἡμῖν* and the *τὰ οὐκ ιφ' ἡμῖν* their disposition to emphasise the distinction in favour of the former would be no whit the less that their own claims were involved in it; and the higher the claims to distinction in every other respect the more would an emulous mind feel and fret at the one point in which its consideration was impaired. And this would appear to have been the position of Achilles. Transcendent in all things save one, viz. the accident of superior power and dominion, he finds that one sufficient to outweigh all his services, and all his merit with his companions in arms, who allow his adversary to have his way on a critical occasion, and to outrage and insult him in a quarrel occasioned by his advising for the general good. And Nestor, in his very anxiety to reconcile the chiefs, had unconsciously touched the sore point of the young warrior in urging him to yield on account of the superior rank and

power of his opponent ; an argument of such common acceptance, that its unpalatableness to the individual was not suspected by the well-meaning old man at the time, nor by Agamemnon afterwards, who uses the very same argument (though Nestor by this time would appear to have dropped it) in his instructions to the ambassadors.

Kai moi iποστήτω ὅσσον βασιλεύτερός είμι.

Iliad, ix. 160.

Odysseus wisely omits this recommendation. But, though the thing is not alluded to at this interview, we see all the more how it rankled with Achilles by the sneering emphasis with which he recommends that Agamemnon provide himself with a son-in-law more suited to him, one that would be more of a king.

**Οστις οι τ' ἐπέοικε, καὶ ὃς βασιλεύτερός ἔστιν.*

Iliad, ix. 392

Thus far my note to the Iliad. There may, however, be another distinction to which the word we have been considering points, viz. between reigning princes and those in expectancy. Achilles, when he left Phthia, was clearly not the reigning prince there, but his father Peleus ; and this would difference our hero's position from that of Odysseus, and Idomeneus, and Menelaus, and the aged Nestor, who all governed in their own right in Ithaca, Crete, Lacedæmon, and Pylos respectively. How far this might affect position in the council, or in the Agora, may be a question. Diomed, who was similarly circumstanced, for Æneus, whom he left behind, probably reigned there, speaks in the council apologetically on one occasion, as if not possessing full powers in it. If there be anything in this, it gives additional point to Achilles' sarcasm in recommending that Agamemnon consult with Odysseus and the kings how to keep the foemen's fire from the ships. (See stanza 40, at page 141 of this work.)

NOTE 21, page 144, stanza 48.—*Wide-voiced Zeus.*

I FEAR that “wide-voiced” is the proper rendering of *εὐφώνως*, although one could have been better pleased with the suggested

intellectuality of "broad-browed." "Wide-voiced," however, denotes the impression made on the senses by the god's thunder, leaping from end to end of heaven's broad cope; and being a more tangible appeal to the sense is, therefore, more likely to have been the poet's meaning than the other.

NOTE 22, page 145, stanza 19.—*The scent through sky.*

AMONG the German critics there are who have suspected these lines to be spurious, because of the hyperbole. But what hyperbole? Celestial odours may well transcend *eau de Cologne*, of which it might indeed be hyperbolical to say, that shaking a bottle of it on the banks of the Rhine would transmit the fragrance to the sky. But this was better than Farina's best. The pleasant scent, moreover, of the fresh-mown hay, even in this dull clime of ours, shall commend itself to the nostrils of the homeward bound, who is yet miles from the shore. Shall not, then, the full flush odours of the South spread through space like the air itself? Assuredly. And here again we have, after all, but another of Homer's literal terrestrial experiences applied to matters celestial.

NOTE 23, page 147, stanza 25.—*And in thy bosom lay.*

THE commentators seem perplexed about this direction. For the girdle, they say, is not worn *in* the bosom, but, at most, *below* it, round the waist. Heyne concludes that ἐγκαταθέσθαι κόλπῳ is περιθέσθαι. I confess to seeing no necessity for such construction of a passage which seems to me plain enough. The difficulty arises from supposing Aphrodité was performing such a work of supererogation as to instruct Herè on what part of her person she was to wear an article of female attire. Nothing of the kind, I conceive, was intended. Herè was neither directed to put, nor did put on the girdle immediately she received it; but put it by, snug and safe, until she should presently require it. And this was not surely in her visit to Sleep, who needed not the exercise of those fascinations which were better reserved for Zeus. Nor am I sure that her putting on the girdle thus early might not have grounded a sus-

picion of setting her cap at old Hypnos himself, and given occasion for chatter to the scandal-mongers of Olympus. We may conclude, therefore, that Homer tells us true, and that she did not then put on the girdle, but carefully deposited the same in her bosom. By which it would appear, that the women in his time, like little girls as well as grown women of the lower order in more modern times, were given to entrusting their little valuables to that part of their person, which, with little girls, would seem to have been, before the present style of dress, something like the schoolboy's pocket, though not quite such an *omnium gatherum*. In Herē's time they probably wore no pockets, and as yet reticules were not; so how could the goddess have better disposed of the precious loan than in the way suggested?

NOTE 24, page 111, stanza 15.—*Of war-cry clear.*

THE original *βοὴν ἀγαθὸν*, literally “good at war-shout,” is variously rendered, according as the shout is referred to the individual, or the host. If to the host, then it may characterize his demeanour at the period of its taking place, and the phrase designate him as good at a charge or onset, or generally of valiant bearing in battle, *pugnū strenuus*. But if the shout be understood of the individual, then it may denote a characteristic of no mean importance for a warrior in those days, in the absence of military instruments of music, viz. that of being loud and clear-voiced in giving the various military directions, and able to sound a charge where there was neither trumpet nor drum as substitute for the human voice. Voss, in this passage and elsewhere, translates it *Rufer im Streit*, but whether uniformly I have not observed.

NOTE 25, page 111, stanza 15.—*For hapless they.*

FOR hapless they whose sons, δυστήνων δέ τε παιδες. For this expression, which often occurs, a modern would probably have substituted “hapless they who” encounter me, and fixed the calamity on the combatant which is here referred to his parents. But the text is in perfect accordance with those times.

192 NOTES TO THE EXTRACTS FROM THE ILIAD.

The calamity pointed at is not so much the natural grief of the bereaved parent for a beloved object, as the unprotected condition in which the aged were left in those rude times, who had no sons to enforce respect and protect them from violence. And in the numerous allusions by Achilles to his own death, the stress is always laid on the unprotected and forlorn condition of his father. This feature of security measured by offspring is often referred to in the Scriptures ; the most prominent instance being Psalm cxxvii. 5, 6 :—“ Like as the arrows in the hand of a giant ; even so are the young children. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them ; they shall not be ashamed when they speak with their enemies in the gate.”

NOTE 26, page 116, stanza 28.—*From their steeds.*

THE reader, who may need the information, is requested once for all to remember that the Greeks of Homer's time did not back their steeds. So that “climb or mount their steeds” really meant ascend their chariots, and horseman meant charioteer ; and in the latter case, with no violence to language, meaning one that had to do with horses, though not using them in the same way as the term implies with us.





NOTES TO THE ODYSSEY.

NOTE 1, book 1. stanza 11.—*His huddling flocks.*

BELOVE that *ἀδινὰ* refers, not to the quantity slain, but to the characteristic that marks the motion of the flocks in driving, viz. *huddling* together, and is so far a counterpart to describing the oxen by their slouching pace. In this way we have the graphic epic manner, (see Preface to Iliad, ante, p. 76,) we see the flocks and the oxen being driven to the palace of Odysseus, even as Athénè did, and the other gods of Olympus, who were, it may be supposed, at that very time looking down upon Ithaca. The sight suggests the mention of it in her speech, which is equivalent to—"See those sheep and oxen being driven to Odysseus' palace to feed those suitors."

NOTE 2, book 1. stanza 17.—*And auspicate the cups.*

I TAKE leave to transcribe here my note to a similar passage in my version of the Iliad, book 1. stanza 53, (published in 1854):—"I trust to be excused for coining a word by Anglicising the Latin expression for the Greek. I know of no one word in our language that answers it, and to have endeavoured to give it by way of paraphrase seemed awkward, and involved dwelling longer on this, compared with other parts of the affair, than our poet has done in the original, and so injuring the symmetry of the narrative. The ceremony according to some (for there is great difference of opinion upon the passage) appears to have been to commence by pouring out a little by

way of libation, in honour of the gods, and then handing the cups round to the guests from left to right. For this the Latin expression, it would seem, was ‘auspicari poculis,’ and the Greeks ἐπάρχεσθαι δεπάεσσι. Heyne, however, is against the libation, observing that the guests performed that for themselves.”

So much for the word “*auspicate*” and the ceremony it stands for, wherever it may occur. But, as to this particular line here annotated in the *Odyssey*, I would observe that the line is not in Clarke’s edition of the original and some others. I have rendered it from a little pocket Homer edited by Boissonade, Paris, 1824, that I was carrying about with me at the time, and in which I found, after rendering this and several subsequent stanzas, that the lines in the Greek are transposed thus:—Κοῦροι δὲ κρητῆρας follows Σῖτον δὲ δμωὰ; then follows this extra line:—

Nώμοσαν δ’ ἄρα πᾶσιν ἐπαρξάμενοι δεπάεσσιν.

Then follows Οἱ δ’ επ’ ὄνειαθ’ ἔτοιμα, with which I have begun the eighteenth stanza.

NOTE 3, book i. stanza 21.—*Mentes of warlike.*

Δαιφρων, *warlike, prudent*. The latter sense is preferred for the *Odyssey* by some, who would relegate the former to the *Iliad*. But at bottom comes it not to the same? In the state of society at the Homeric period the grand prudence was the warlike prudence, and the prudence included the warlike and differenced it by skill from mere valour that could fight, but neither plan nor lead. For the supposed crucial instance in the *Odyssey*, O 655 (book xv. stanza 38 of this version), where the epithet is applied to the wife of Laertes, I am not so clear that the warlike prudence is not meant. She may have been another Helen M’Gregor, well able to hold her own in her lord’s absence on his predatory expeditions. His abstinence, so unusual in those days, from the couch of his slave Euryclea, through respect for his wife—shall we say dread of her?—speaks her to have been of other than the usual run of Greek women. The epithet is not applied to Penelope, who was prudent enough, but more feminine than her august mother-in-law.

To Telemachus, on whom the epithets prudent and discreet are repeatedly bestowed; it is applied, I think, but once, and that by Penelope at δ. 687, where the rendering warlike would not transcend the flattering mention of a mother speaking of her son. To Odysseus the epithet is often applied, but generally in company with the epithet ποικιλομῆτης, which it would supplement in the sense of warlike, but in which, with the other meaning, it would seem included. As to the passage annotated here, if Anchialus answered to the etymology of his name (a near-sea one), he might find ample scope for the bellicose prudence in repelling the piratical descents to which coast-dwellers in those days were so liable.

NOTE 4, book 1. stanza 25.—*I know it not.*

THIS line, in the original, is due to the desire of distinguishing between personal knowledge and hearsay, in what the speaker has to communicate. We have a remarkable instance of it in the dialogue between Nestor and Telemachus, book III. stanza 22 *et seq.* No sarcasm on women is intended, but simple expression of the impossibility of a man knowing of himself who were his parents. The case of Oedipus was a solemn and affecting instance, who killed his own father, and married his mother, in ignorance of the relationship. Pope has given a sarcastic turn to it utterly alien to the spirit of the Homeric times. To return to the real drift of the passage, our own lawyers could not more sharply and anxiously separate direct from hearsay evidence, than is done throughout the poem, and this is but one among many instances. Had Telemachus been asked if Penelope were his mother he would probably have answered in the same cautious phrase, and justly, for how did he know but he was the child of adoption of his reputed parents, as Oedipus had been of Polybus and Merope?

NOTE 5, book 1. stanza 31.—*On knees of Gods.*

A SIMILAR expression, Cowper has remarked, occurs in the Proverbs of Solomon. “The lot is cast into the lap, but the disposal thereof is of the Lord.” But Col. Mure, in the fol-

lowing extract from his valuable work, gives a different turn to the metaphor :—“The Greeks in every age were in the habit of writing on their knees. In various classical texts, comprising what is perhaps the earliest technical allusion to the habits of the literary profession, this custom is specified in terms almost identical with those employed by Homer :—

εἶνεκ' ἀσοιδῆς
“*Ὕν νέον ἐν δέλτοισιν ἐμοῖς ἐπὶ γούνασι θῆκα.*
Batrachom. 2, sq.

“Still more immediately in point is a passage of the Republic of Plato, where the philosopher, in alluding to the judgment of mortals after death, describes Lachesis as holding *on her knees* the written reports of their past lives and future destinies : προφήτην λαβόντα ἐκ τῶν τῆς Λαχέσεως γονάτων κλίρους τε καὶ βίων παραδείγματα. Add to this the ancient proverb where Jupiter is described as consulting, literally, looking down into, his parchment roll of fate : ὁ Ζεὺς κατεῖδε χρόνος εἰς τὰς διφέρας.”—*Lit. Hist. of Greece*, vol. III. p. 487.

NOTE 6.—*Teeth-fence thine.*

SEE Note 11 to the Extracts from the Iliad.

NOTE 7.

THE following seven unusual words occur in as many places in this First Book of the Odyssey, and some may desire their explanation :—*hight*, called, named ; *ne mo*, no more ; *rede*, counsel, wisdom ; *swink*, to toil ; *y-pight*, placed, put ; *whilere*, formerly, time-gone ; and, lastly, *round-y-ronnen*, run round, epithet of an island encircled as by water running round it. Νήσῳ ἐν ἀμφιρύτῃ, in round-y-ronnen isle, stanza 6.

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